National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YSDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

VOL. XII. NO. 14.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 586.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, Two DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & brother, printers.

Pro-Slavery.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

IF Slavery did not exist in this country, we should oppose by all lawful means in our power its introduction; but it is here, one of the elements of American society, and directly or indirectly connected with the habits and the interests of the whole American people; and the only question for the moralist or the statesman is, how shall it be dealt with?—Even supposing it to be evil, and only evil, the question as to the treatment of it where it exists is very different from the question of introducing it where it does not exist. To suffer a wrong to remain is not always to commit a wrong; for often, in the complicated affairs of this world, it is impossible to remove a long or widely-existing evil, without causing a still greater evil. Be it that Slavery is as great an evil as Free Soilers pretend, it by no means follows that they are bound, or even free, to bring the political or social power of the country to bear on its abolition. Undoubtedly, we are never to do wrong that good may come; and if Slavery is evil, and only evil, no advantages likely to result from it can ever justify us in introducing it; but of two evils we must choose the least, and when Slavery cannot, in all human probability, be abolished without producing a greater evil, we are not even free to abolish it, and must tolerate it till it can be abolished without such result.

The cause of freedom is never aided by injustice; and yet the Free Soilers, who, in principle, are not at all distinguishable from the Abolitionists, are urging the commission of open, palpable injustice. Slavery exists in this country by law, and by law which is enacted or sanctioned by the American people in their highest legislative capacity. Suppose that a law is unjust, still its injustice is on the part of the law-making power. Before that power the master who owns slaves is not unjust; as before it, he has justly invested his capital in slaves, and therefore it cannot justly require him to free his slaves without full compensation. The people, who have authorised him to hold slaves, cannot cast the burden of their wrongs on him. If they have sinned, they must bear their sin in the same capacity in which they have committed it. If they wish to repent and repair it, they must indemnify the master for the property they have authorised him to hold, and now require him to surrender. To propose, after having authorised it, the abolition of Slavery, without proposing a just compensation to the master, is to propose a scheme of public robbery—is virtually to deny private property, and to claim for the State the right to plunder its subjects. And yet our Free Soilers will not listen a moment to the proposal to indemnify the owners of slaves. They are urging the people to compel the masters to emancipate their slaves without compensation. Between the proprietor and the State, the property in slaves, whatever view we take of Slavery itself, is as sacred and inviolable as any other species of property, and to attack it is, in principle, to attack every species of private property, and to make the State the only proprietor—the extreme of despotism, hardly reached by the pretensions of the Grand Turk. And yet the men who propose this do not blush to talk of justice, and to insist on being honoured as friends of freedom!

It is well known that the union of the American States could never have been formed if the free States had not consented to the insertion in the Constitution of the provision in regard to the surrender of fugitive slaves, and no man who is really aware of the feelings of the south can doubt that its preservation in any thing like its original character is impossible unless the Free Soil fanaticism is effectually suppressed, and the fugitive slave law faithfully executed. This law, which Mr. Parker, and the more open and honest portion of the Free Soilers, counsel us to resist, and the more shrewd and cowardly portion tell us must be repealed, is now a test law. Let us, however, be just to the south. They, no doubt, are attached to the institution of domestic Slavery, at least determined to follow their own judgment in regard to it, but they do not insist on this law merely on account of the protection it affords to negro Slavery, and we much mistake their character if we suppose they would secede from the Union, or hazard a civil war, for the sake of a few dozen of runaway slaves. They never seem over-anxious to recover the slaves that escape into the Northern States, and it costs in general more to reclaim one, even when no resistance is offered, than his services are worth. That it is not the value of the runaway slaves they mainly consider, is evident enough from the fact, that the feeling on the subject is deepest in those very States from which the fewest slaves escape, or are likely to escape. They insist on the law because it is constitutional, because in executing it we give them assurance that we are willing and able to abide by our constitutional engagements, and are not disposed to abuse the power of the federal government, now passing, once for all, into our hands. They want some pledges of the ability and determination of the free States to restrain the wild radicalism so rife amongst them, and which laughs at constitutions and laws, and in its onward career is madly sweeping away in them all the defences of personal freedom and social order instituted or preserved by the wisdom of our fathers. They take their stand on this law as a frontier post, which, if carried, admits the enemy into the interior, and leaves them no alternative but to surrender at discretion—not merely negro Slavery, which, comparatively speaking, were a small affair, but liberty itself, to the unrestrained despotism of an irresponsible and fanatical majority.

The essential principle of the Free Soil party, that which gives it so terrible a vitality, is not, we repeat exclusively or mainly, opposition to Slavery. Half unknown to itself, it is a party organized against law in all its forms, against all the principles and maxims of the past, and all the moral, religious, social, and political institutions of the present. It is a party formed against the common reason, common sense, and common interests of mankind. With the cant of religion and morality on their lips, its leaders are almost to a man, infidels and blasphemers, as well as traitors and disorganizers. They are men for whom it is not enough to sin from appetite or passion, but who must sin from principle—for whom it is not enough to see the good, approve it, and yet pursue the wrong, but who must pervert conscience itself, erect evil into good, and make sin pass for virtue. They aim at reversing all the judgments of mankind, and brand the christian virtues as vices, and exalt the vices opposed to them to the rank and dignity of christian virtues. Whatever has hitherto been counted sacred they pronounce profane, and whatever has been hitherto counted profane, they command us to respect as sacred. They say with Milton's Satan—

> "All good to me is lost;
> Evil, be thou my good."

They carry their zeal for reversing so far as to seek to reverse the natural relation of the sexes, to dishonour woman by making her the head, and sending her to the legislature, the cabinet, or into the field to command our armies, and compelling man to remain at home, and nurse the children, wash the dishes, make the beds, and sweep the house. Already are their women usurping the male attire, and beginning to appear in our streets and assemblies dressed out in full Bloomer costume, and little remains for the men but to don the petticoat and to draw the veil over their faces.

The fugitive slave law is not unjust. It is a constitutional law, so declared by Judges Woodbury and Nelson of the United States, Circuit Court, and by the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth. Chief Justice Shaw, than whom it would be difficult to find a higher legal authority, in giving the unanimous opinion of the court, said that the law was not only constitutional, but necessary, and Congress was bound to pass it. In principle it does not differ from the original law of 1793, and differs from it at all only in devolving on officers of the federal government certain duties which that law devolved on officers of the State governments. The amendment became necessary in consequence of several of the States having prohibited their officers, under heavy penalties, from performing those duties. The amendment which transferred those duties to officers of the federal government cannot in the least affect the constitutionality of the law, and therefore, since no one can pretend that the original law of 1793 was unconstitutional, the amended law of 1850 must be conceded to be constitutional. The law was enacted by the proper authorities, according to the forms prescribed by the constitution, for the purpose of carrying into effect an imperative provision of the constitution, and, after the decisions of the several tribunals, its constitutionality must be held to be settled, and no longer an open question. Unjust, then, it cannot be, unless the constitution is unjust. The constitution is not unjust, unless it contravenes the law of God. That the constitution does contravene the law of God, no religious man can pretend, for men of all religions have approved it, and men of no religion have nothing to say on the subject, since for them there is no law of God, and therefore no conscience.

But the Free Soilers allege that the fugitive slave law transcends these limits, and ordains what the law of God prohibits; and concludes, therefore, that it is no law, and he is not only free to disobey, but even bound to resist it. This is not true, as we have shown in proving that an independent State has the right to remain neutral in the question between the master and slave of another State, and therefore the American States, in forming a federal union for their common weal, had the power to bind themselves to give up fugitive slaves. If they could not, as we know they could not, secure the advantages of the Union without so binding themselves, they had the right to do it, and a sufficient reason for doing it, and this obligation is binding in conscience upon all their citizens respectively. But let this pass. The burden of proof is on the Free Soiler. Civil government exists and governs by Divine appointment, and therefore the presumption is always that its acts are in accordance with the Divine will, till the contrary is shown. Consequently, they who allege that they are not, must prove their allegation. It is not enough to say, that all civil enactments in contravention of the law of God are null; therefore the fugitive slave law is null. The fact of its contravening the Divine law must be proved as the condition of concluding its nullity. This, the Free Soiler does not even attempt to prove, or, if he attempts to prove it, it is simply by alleging in proof his own private opinion, private judgment, or, as he says, conscience; that is, by adducing in proof the very matter to be proved. The conscience he alleges, is his private conscience, and private conscience is simply one's private judgment of what is or is not the law of God, and may be true or false. To allege this is only to allege private judgment, and to allege private judgmen is to allege the very matter in question; for the very matter in question is the truth or validity of this private judgment of the Free Soiler, that the fugitive slave law contravenes the law of God. Here is precisely where the Free Soiler breaks down. His declamation is superior to his logic. He professes to appeal from the civil enactment to the law of God, but in reality appeals only to his own private judgment, and this appeal is not admissable.

Some cowardly but crafty Free Soil leaders counsel, it is true, not resistance to the fugitive slave law, but agitation for its repeal. We confess that we respect in comparison with these the bolder traitors, who advise open and unremitting resistance. The highwayman is less despicable than the swindler, and of all traitors those who practice treason under cover of law are the most detestable. The man who, in our times, agitates for the repeal of the fugitive slave law, is as much of a traitor in his heart as he who bids it open defiance. Why repeal it? It is constitutional. Would you have another more efficient? It is not needed. One less efficient? that is, one that you can evade, one that will not compel you to comply with the solemn obligations of the constitution? So you would evade obedience to the constitution, but without endangering the safety of your necks? No doubt of it. But agitation in the sense of Free Soilism is precisely what now creates the danger, and every man who would keep it up in that sense is morally a traitor to his country.

But our limits are exhausted. We have not said half of what we intended to say when we commenced; but we have said perhaps enough. The question is one of vital importance to the Republic. We have spoken strongly, but far less strongly than we feel. We see not in Free Soilism a single redeeming element. It is wild, lawless, destructive fanaticism. The leaders of the party that sustain it are base and unprincipled men, whose mortality is cant, whose piety is maudlin sentiment, and whose patriotism is treason. A more graceless set of deluded fanatics or unmitigated hypocrites could not be found, were we to search the world over. Some worthy persons may have been attracted to the party by their horror of Slavery, and by their belief in the loyal intentions of its leaders, but no religious man, no royal citizen, can, after the developments the party has recently given, any longer adhere to it, or afford it the least conceivable countenance. Whoever continues to support it can be excused from treason only on the ground that he is insane, or else that he stands too low in the scale of intelligence to be responsible for acts.—*Brownson's Boston Quarterly Review.*

A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

To the EDITOR *of the* LONDON INQUIRER—*Dear Sir:* If you will allow me, I will speak a few words through your columns, and in that way give information which I have been asked to give.

In England, it is said, that since the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, the Unitarians of America have failed in their Christian duty, by never having protested against it as a body. Is this true? I answer that it is not true, because the Unitarians of America do not exist as a body; for they have no corporate existence, after the manner of Episcopalians or Presbyterians. Unitarians here are Congregationalists; and the congregations are all independent one of another.

But the separate congregations and individual ministers—how have they acted on the matter? Quite variously; and yet quite conscientiously, as far as I know

It has been proposed to question every American clergyman who may visit England, on his conduct regarding the Fugitive Slave Law, and if he has not raised his voice against it, then to exclude him from all pulpits. Among the Orthodox in England, at the meeting of their Congregational Union, it has been resolved by acclamation not to acknowledge Christian fellowship with those who have not opposed the Fugitive Slave Law; and also, it is proposed by some influential persons in England, that every American visitor shall be excluded from society, unless he can satisfy his questioners that he is an Anti-Slavery man. Are these measures likely to do good? I answer that they are not. They are measures to mortify and exasperate some persons, to grieve and embarrass others, and to act well on none at all. Most high-minded Americans will feel themselves insulted by such inquisitorial treatment as is proposed for them. Englishman though I am, I should disdain in England to answer such inquiries, even though myself I know that with some persons they are meant kindly, though perhaps not wisely. Shall I acknowledge that I feel averse to expressing here my daily sentiments and conduct on the subject of Slavery, lest I should seem to have been, or should perhaps feel as though I had been, coërced by that threat with which it is proposed to attempt to sway Americans? I think that even were I a notorious Abolitionist in America, I should revolt from answering Anti-Slavery inquiries in England, were I told that I was excluded from society as an American, and could be admitted into it only as an Anti-Slavery man. *If I could not enter English society on my Americanism, I never would on my Abolitionism.* Myself, I would not; and I think it would be so with most Americans.

It is said that the leading ministers of the Unitarian denomination behave miserably, in contrast with some other men who are not Unitarians. And further it is said, that the position of these ministers towards Slavery is that of inaction. Their conduct may be called inaction, but I know that with some of them there is more conscientiousness in that inaction of theirs, than there is in some other men's opposition.

Some of the Anti-Slavery persons mentioned in your paper would be very indignant at being complimented with being more conscientious than some of their less active brethren. They would say, "We more honest than they! No, nor even as thoughtful, perhaps, or far-seeing. But we act and speak as we do, by the light we have, and which we trust is the grace of God to us."

If Americans are to be acknowledged as fellow-Christians, and to be treated as gentlemen, according as they answer to Anti-Slavery questions, then their English questioners ought to be well able to appreciate the answers made them. And this would seldom be the case; for, with very few exceptions, English people do not know what Slavery is in America, nor under what conditions it exists; nor how much or little a New Englander has to do with it; nor how it is a matter to deal with, not easy, but very hard; not simple, but very complicated.

And then, too, it is to be remembered that agitation on a public subject is one thing in England, and another in America; for in England there are police and soldiery by hundreds and thousands to maintain order in the country, while in America order is the result simply of the public temper. A man might safely lend his voice to heighten an excitement in England, which in America he would very properly shrink from sharing in. This is a circumstance which ought to be taken into account in estimating the public course of men here in critical times.

Of the Anti-Slavery names honourably mentioned at the Bristol meeting, there are some that I too honour with affectionate reverence; and of Unitarian clergymen there alluded to, as inactive towards Slavery, there are some whom I revere for the soul that is in them, for that is not at all inactive on Slavery, but only self-governed and cautious, very anxious and thoughtful, and perhaps wise.

From this republican side of the Atlantic, in some respects, the economy of English society looks as bad as Slavery.

For ignorance and demoralization in large classes, I suppose London to be as bad as Carolina with its slaves. And I believe that of suffering there is more in England than in the slave States of America. In the British Empire, there are millions that are not well fed, indeed, that are even perhaps half-starved. And every year there are thousands of households that are broken up by the New Poor Law. And by that same law, husbands and wives are separated and kept apart. The oppressed and suffering classes of England are the unenfranchised. Now this unenfranchised state with its bad consequences, the Americans know of, and they call it political Slavery; and it is to them almost as sad and wrong a thing as negro Slavery is to the English. Now suppose an English visitor were examined here, before being admitted into society, in some such way as it is proposed to question Americans. Then the inquiries put to him would be like these: "Are you in favour of the abolition of political Slavery in England? Are you in favour of the Charter? Have you ever openly avowed yourself in favour of the Five Points? Do you vote for the Chartist candidates at elections? Were you present at the great Chartist demonstration on Kennington Common? Do you pray for the success of that patriot, Feargus O'Connor, the man of the people, the great patriot, as we understand he is? Do you petition Parliament for the liberation of those unfortunate philanthropists, Frost, Jones, and Williams? Do you preach the Charter as being Christian doctrine—preach it often and fearlessly?" To all these questions the Englishman would probably have to answer, "No, no, no." Then his republican questioner might say, "You are no Christian, for you do not preach the Christian doctrine of human equality and its blessed consequences. You are an upholder of the aristocracy, and an oppressor of the poor. You agree to unjust taxation and poor-law Bastiles, and the Church-establishment; and you countenance the cruelties of which the shrieks and the victims come across the Atlantic, day and night, unceasingly. Wretched man! wicked man! oppressor!" Now to all this the Englishman would demur, and he would say: "Oh, sir, you do not understand, and you do not consider circumstances. If you only knew how strange it was in you to talk so! I am sure I would do anything for the poor; let them have all my fortune, if they could be benefitted permanently any way. I believe in human brotherhood, but I do not think the Charter would be conducive to brotherhood among the English people, uneducated as they are at present. And then, all these sufferings are not inflicted by me, or anybody of my acquaintance. But indeed I despair of making you understand the state of things in England; and the only way to know about them is to see them. And I am very sure that, republican as you are, yet you would not have been in England a month, before you would understand that a man may be a good Christian and a gentleman, and still be no friend of Feargus O'Connor, and no partisan of the Charter. But you must see things in England for yourself, if you want to have a just opinion about them politically; for I am sure I could not make you understand them, were I to talk ever so long." And the English visitor would be right in answering this way; and in this same manner, it is not easy, but very hard, for English people to understand aright concerning the cause of Anti-Slavery here.

I do not write to give information about Slavery or Anti-Slavery, nor about the character of the negro population at the South: nor do I write to express what my own belief is as to the best measures to be pursued by the friends of the negroes; and so I shall say nothing about the Abolitionists technically so called, nor about the far larger and quite distinct body of persons who, like Channing, are not Abolitionists, and yet are desirous of having Slavery ended prudently, peacefully, justly, and wisely.

I write to deprecate Americans being treated unfairly through ignorance, and inhospitably and unjustly. I write to prevent some good men being ill thought of.

I am, sir, yours truly,
WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Gloucester, Mass., June 16th, 1851.

DR. CARTWRIGHT'S LECTURE ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE NEGRO RACE.

EDS. DELTA:—Your correspondent, in an humorous and well-written article in the *Delta*, of Friday morning last, misquotes, unintentionally, no doubt, Dr. Cartwright's report to the medical association, on the negro race, in supposing that "*he contends that the negroes are descended from the same common progenitor as the race that produced a James Hogg and a Sir Francis Bacon.*" The report of Dr. Cartwright contends for no such thing. It simply contends that the peculiar physiological laws of the negro constitution and his anatomical structure, so far from standing in opposition to the Bible, prove the truth of that book, because the inspired writings make repeated mention of a slave race of people called "*submissive kneebenders,*" i. e. Canaanites, whom the Jews reduced to Slavery, and took their country from them by divine authority. Dr. C. shows that the negroes we have among us, belong to the slave race of people mentioned in the sacred writings and he brings forward anatomy and physiology to prove that they do belong to it. The Gibeonites, who were a portion of the Canaanites, or slave race, sold themselves to the Jews just as the same slave race in Africa, at the present day, sell one another into Slavery, whenever they can find purchasers.

It does not necessarily follow, that the slave and master, (races mentioned in the Bible,) have a common origin. Dr. C. asked the question if they have, but did not answer it, leaving it open. In the 1st chapter of Genesis, from the 26th to the 30th verse, inclusive, an account is given of the creation of man. In the 2d chapter, verses 7th and 8th, another account is given of the creation of another race *after the seven days were ended.* This latter was the Adamic or chosen race. The master or chosen race dwelt apart from the original or slave race, that was made when the beasts and other things were made, as the master and slave races at the present day in the South, dwell apart—the master race in the great house, and the slave race in the quarters and kitchen. In former times, instead of the great house, the master race was put in a delightful garden, called Eden; and was subjected then as now, to different rules from the slave race. The latter (see verse 29th, chapter 1st,) was permitted to eat anything and everything; the former was restricted. (See verse 3d, chapter 3d.) The consort or helpmate of the Adamic man was made from the man himself, and called woman. But the female sex of the original race were made at the time the men were made. (See chapter 1st, verse 27th).

The master or Adamic race, to distinguish them from the original or slave race, were also called sons of God. See chapter 6th, verse 3d, where mention is made that the master race or sons of God intermarried with the original or slave race. Ham, Noah's son, following the example of some other men of the Adamic race, chose a wife, it is probable, from among the original or slave race. We are not positively told whether she had any children before she married Ham, but from the name given to one of her sons, Canaan, and the distinction that Noah made subsequently between the children of Ham's wife, the plain inference is, that Canaan was born to her before her marriage with Ham; or it would not have been right and just in Noah to have doomed one of her children to Slavery, and not the others, if they had all been of the same blood. But if Canaan, as his name imports, was a genuine negro, and had none of the Adamic blood in his veins, his being doomed to Slavery by Noah was no more unjust than would be a decree against fish to live in water, because Dr. Cartwright has proved by the peculiar anatomy and physiology of the negro race that Slavery is as much the proper element of the negro, as water is the proper element for fish. The title of the master race of the South to their negro property is clearly made out by the science of comparative Anatomy and Physiology.

The East India Company wants the master race of the South to surrender their title to their negro property, simply because it wants to transfer the cultivation of the slave labour products of the South, to British Asia. With that view, it has sowed the seed of discord between the North and the South, on the Slavery question. It is in vain to suppose that the company will let it drop, while the prize it is contending for, the whole agricultural wealth of the South—worth hundreds of millions of dollars, promises any hope of attainment by turning the indignation of the world against negro Slavery, through the instrumentality of a subsidized Northern and British press. If our Union is to be preserved, it will be by the independent Southern press, coming to the rescue and diffusing light and knowledge on the Slavery question not as a party question, but as a philosophical one. THALES.

New Orleans, July 11, 1851.

Selections.

THE BUFFALO CASE.

WE copy the two following articles, the first from the Buffalo *Express*, the second from the *Republic*, as they give the particulars, more in detail than we were able to give them last week, of the Slave Hunt in that city:

THE UNION SAVED—THE COMPROMISES OF THE CONSTITUTION VINDICATED, AND THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW UPHELD!

We had hoped that this cup might pass from the city of Buffalo, but it was not so ordered; now we trust that the Castle Garden Committee and Co. will be content with our conduct.

A man by the name of Benjamin S. Rust, with a power of Attorney from Geo. H. Moore, of Louisville, Ky., applied to Commissioner H. K. Smith, for a warrant to arrest a negro called Daniel, claimed to be a fugitive and the property of said Moore, and as a foundation of the application produced a paper claimed to be a record of the County Court of Jefferson county, Ky., under the 10th section of the Fugitive Slave Law. The Commissioner granted the warrant for the arrest, and the officers made the arrest on the steamer *Buckeye State*, on which Daniel was employed as a Cook. We are informed (and for this part of the matter we are not responsible, as we did not witness it) that the man Daniel was in the kitchen, which has an entrance under deck, and a trap door leading up through the deck. The man Rust had armed himself with a billet of wood, and when Daniel came up through the trap door, Rust struck him a powerful blow on the back of the head, which cut a hideous gash, and knocked him senseless back upon the stove, where he was grievously burned. Thus he was arrested and handcuffs placed upon him.

Daniel was brought before the Commissioner at the Court House, bleeding profusely at the back of the head and at the nose, and was moreover so stupified by the assault, that he fell asleep several times during the brief and very summarily proceedings.

It is not possible, for want of time, to give to-day the proceedings in detail; they will be given in extenso on Monday. This case cannot fail powerfully to attract the public attention, because, 1st, by an obviously wrong decision of the Commissioner, this man is illegally consigned to Slavery; and, 2d, because it appeared by the witnesses introduced by the claimant *that Daniel is a freeman*, and that the exparte record from the Court of Kentucky is false upon the point of his escape.

This proceeding proves what we have always claimed, that under this law a man known and admitted to be free can be taken by force and consigned to perpetual bondage, and moreover that it allows no remedy or appeal from the effects of perjury and the wrongful and stupid decisions of an officer.

The Commissioner refused to wait until a messenger dispatched to the steamboat to call a witness on the part of the defendant had time to return, and decided that the case was sufficiently proved on the part of the claimant, and issued the order for removal of Daniel to Kentucky. He took occasion to say from the Bench, while making his decision, that he would give $25 towards a sum to purchase his freedom, but whether others would give anything, he did not know. This would be $15 over his fee. The counsel for Daniel enquired of Rust, the agent of the owner, whether he would sell the man Daniel, having in view to raise the amount necessary for his purchase. Mr. Rust replied that he had no authority to sell, but he would telegraph to Louisville and ask authority and the price; and that he would consent that the Marshal retain him here until he received a reply. The Marshal consented to the delay, and Mr. Rust asked the counsel of Daniel to state to the crowd this arrangement. Mr. Tallcott, the counsel, did state to the multitude "that the agent would telegraph for authority to sell, and that Daniel would remain here until a reply was obtained." Whereupon the Commissioner proclaimed in a loud voice and in a very emphatic manner, as follows: "I want to say to you coloured people, that I have made the order to carry off this man, and there will be force to execute it, telegraph or no telegraph, and if any of you resist, you will be shot down." This announcement, so unseemly in a judicial officer, so far chimed with the passions of the slave catchers who thronged the Court room that it was greeted with a round of applause. The man Daniel is now in jail, from whence, we presume, he will be taken into servitude, notwithstanding facts clearly proved by the son of the claimant *show conclusively that he is a free man.*

We understand that the agent Rust has been arrested on a civil process for the brutal assault on Daniel, and committed to jail. It is to be presumed *he* will be bailed.

To sum up all, Mr. Moore wants the man Daniel because he is worth $700, to sell or use, and, though he has no claim to him, *will get him.* The man Daniel wants his freedom, worth to him a sum that cannot be expressed in figures, and is entitled to it by the laws of God and man, *but will not get it*, for the Compromise must be maintained.

Slavery calls for a summary process to catch men claimed as slaves; we think they have got it. This proceeding has been as a guillotine and as inexorably cruel. Here a free man has been knocked down, hand-cuffed, dragged bleeding and insensible before the court, if court it is, and without being confronted with the witnesses against him—without opportunity to cross examine those witnesses—or time or liberty to introduce rebutting proof, and while so insensible from his wounds as to be incapable of making intelligible replies to counsel—ordered under the Compromise to perpetual Slavery, and pretended republicans shout and chuckle over the achievement.

It is a law long established and well known to every body except the Commissioner, that a slave brought by a person who has the right to control him, into a free State, is by that act enfranchised, and becomes free, if he chooses to assert his freedom. It appeared in this examination by the testimony of the son of the claimant, an honest and well appearing young man of 17 years of age, that this man Daniel was employed in the capacity of cook on a river steamboat, and was brought by his employer into Cincinnati. When thus brought there he was free and chose to exercise his legal rights by remaining in a free State. But the clamour and political zeal has so far blinded men's judgment that an officer is found in this State, and we grieve to say it, in this city, who is willing to overrule the deliberate decisions of our own State courts for the purpose of making a slave of a free man.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE—THE EXAMINATION—TRIUMPH OF THE SLAVE CATCHERS.

The trial of Daniel, the alleged slave, for the crime of stealing his freedom, was adjourned yesterday from the Commissioner's office, in Spaulding's Exchange, to the Court House. An immense and excited crowd had gathered round the doors of the Exchange, and upon the appearance of the wounded and manacled negro the feelings of the people could be no longer restrained, and a rush was made towards the officers who had him in charge, and the slave catcher who followed closely upon the track of his prey. It was only by the greatest exertion that the officers were enabled to reach the carriage which was in waiting for their victim, and so dense was the crowd which gathered round the vehicle that the wheels were several times blocked and its progress checked. We understand Sheriff Farnham considered it necessary to make a liberal show of his pistols, which were presented at the breasts of those who approached the carriage, and had the effect of driving them back. After considerable delay, the carriage reached the Court House, and the negro was taken out, torn through the crowd and conveyed into the hall. He took his seat, utterly exhausted, with his clothes torn from his person and the blood gushing freely from his nose, the effects of the violent wound he had received upon his head. The court room was immediately filled by a large crowd, the principal part, however, being officials and men who were hired by them to block up the hall. The Hon. H. K. Smith, Commissioner for carrying into effect the provisions of the fugitive Slave law, took his seat upon the bench and the examination commenced. Mr. Foster, of the firm of Bowen & Foster, appeared for the claimants, and Messrs. Tallcott & Hawley for the alleged fugitive.

The Commissioner, Mr. H. K. Smith, then called upon the negro by the name of "Daniel" to stand up, but the man did not answer to the name. He was roused by his counsel (being throughout in a state of half stupor and wholly unable to communicate with his counsel from the effect of the wound upon his skull) and rose from his seat.

The Commissioner then said: "Daniel, you are brought before me on a warrant, issued in due form, as an alleged fugitive slave. Who is your counsel?" Mr. Talcott answered for the defendant.

The Commissioner—"Here is a record issued from the county court of Jefferson county, Kentucky, and a power of attorney issued by a person who charges you as being his slave to another person who is his agent here to claim you. What have you to say?"

Mr. Talcott—We deny the allegation altogether. And first I would hold that this document is not in compliance with the act. The paper produced is without the seal of any court. Here is an impression made upon the paper, which will be claimed doubtless to be the seal of the court of Kentucky, but I hold that it is not a sufficient seal and cannot be recognized as such."

The learned counsel then read several decisions, among others one of Judge Bronson, that an impression upon paper was not to be regarded as a legal seal. The Commissioner, interrupting Mr. Foster, who was about to reply, declared he should overrule the objection, as he considered it satisfactorily shown that the impression was the official seal of the court of Kentucky.

Mr. Talcott—Your Honour must know it by inspiration then, for you have heard no evidence of the fact.

The Commissioner decided it as a competent seal of the court in Kentucky, and as such admissible, and declared that nothing remained but to prove the identity of the slave.

George H. Moore was then sworn—Resides in Louisville, Kentucky, was born there and has resided there for the last six years; am a son of George J. Moore, of Louisville; there is only one George J. Moore there to my knowledge; knew the negro, Daniel, in Louisville, Kentucky; knew him first when I was very small; have known him within the last two years; don't know his master's name; think it was Frazer; knew him at my father's about four months before he left; my father purchased him of Frazer in 1850; he ran away in August, 1850; my father had no other servant by the name of Daniel; I was present when he was bargained for; bargain was made at Louisville; I did not know at the time of his escape, but knew it shortly after; I have no doubt of his being the person; I shall be seventeen the 10th of next January.

Cross-examined—I have never seen the record made in the county court of Jefferson county, Kentucky; I do not know that he is the person described in the record; my father owns no other slaves than this one; I was at Louisville at the time of the alleged escape; was at home at the time; heard the bargain by my father and Frazer at Louisville, about five or six months before Daniel left; my father bought him for $700; do not know how to be paid or if there was any agreement for time; have no knowledge of the payment of the money; think he, Daniel, ran on the river, am not sure; Daniel was not present at the bargain; don't know where he was; didn't hear any description given as a part of the bargain; father was well acquainted with Daniel; did not know whether Frazier owned any more slaves; had seen Frazer before; he resided in or near Louisville; Mr. Rust told me the man's name was Frazer who sold the slave; Daniel was cook part of the time, part a steward on a steamboat; while not on the boat he was at my father's house; father did not own the steamboat; have seen him at the house several times; he was cook on the Anna Lenington when he escaped; he was hired out; don't know for how long; his name is Daniel: don't know his surname; have heard him called Daniel; can't tell the exact number of times I have seen him at my father's; he is alleged to have escaped about the 25th of last August from the boat, when it was at Cincinnati. The boat was not running regularly to Cincinnati, but made that one trip. He went under the control of his employer as steward of the boat.

Mr. Talcott here claimed that by the testimony of the witness the alleged slave was proven free, as his escape had not been made from Kentucky, but from Ohio, and that the act of taking a slave to a free State enfranchised him.

The Commissioner—I do not agree with you on that point. A man has a perfect right to bring his slave into a free State and it does not enfranchise him (!)—and even if it was so, and I had to decide upon the mere question of fact, I should find against you, as the master himself did not carry the slave into Ohio, but hired him to another who carried him there. But I do not think anyhow he would be free. I hold that a master has a perfect right to take his slave into or through a free State, and we, as citizens of free States, are bound to protect the rights and the property of the people of the South. Is this all, or have you any evidence to offer?

The defence said there were witnesses on the boat from which the negro was taken, who could prove that he had been in a free State for a period anticedant to the alleged escape, and that he proposed to produce those witnesses. But he should now offer medical testimony to prove that the injuries inflicted upon the defendant were of so serious a nature as to partially deprive him of his senses, and to prevent him from giving such information to his counsel as was necessary for his protection and just defence. Upon this ground, and also to afford the defendant an opportunity to procure the attendance of witnesses, he should move an adjournment of the examination.

[The poor fellow was all this time in a state of half-stupor, unable to talk with his counsel, and sat dozing, with the blood slowly oozing out of his mouth and nostrils.]

Mr. Foster declared he had reason to fear means would be taken to frustrate the proceedings and he objected to the adjournment.

The Commissioner decided that as the examination had commenced he would go through with it, and called upon the defence to produce their testimony.

A messenger was then dispatched to the boat for witnesses.

While the Court was wating Mr. Hawley thought it was necessary for the protection of the rights of the defendant that the examination should be adjourned. The man was even now in a half-sleeping state, and partially insensible from the blow on his head.

Mr. Talcott thought that the parties who so brutally assaulted the alleged fugitive had better for their own sakes, not only consent to adjourn, but put the man under medical treatment immediately. It might turn out a little more seriously than they anticipated.

The Commissioner would not adjourn. The only question submitted to him was a question of fact. He had waited long enough for the witnesses for the defence. It had been fully proven that the slave owed service to the man described in the record. The son of the owner identified the slave as the property of his father from whom he is alleged to have escaped. Nothing remained therefore but to find, as he did find, that the man was a fugitive slave from service and as such must be returned to his master in Kentucky.

The Commissioner then called forward the Marshal, Mr. Gates, and ordered him to deliver the fugitive to the claimants and if necessary to go with them to Kentucky. He also said if the owner chose to sell the slave, *he* would give $25 towards the purchase and he would like to see what other gentlemen would be willing to contribute. Some conversation then took place between the Slavecatcher and the counsel for the defence. The price paid for the slave, as proved by the testimony, was $700, but it was intimated decidedly that the owner would not take a cent less than $1200 for him—his flesh and blood were worth that in Kentucky.

The Court-room having been ordered cleared, Mr. Talcott, turning to the crowd, said:

"I wish to say a few words to the coloured people here present. The agent here tells me that he has at present no authority to sell the man, but he has promised me that he shall not leave the city until a telegraph has been sent to the owner and an answer received as to whether he will sell. I would therefore exhort you all to go home peaceably."

The Commissioner, Mr. H. K. Smith, immediately sprung from his seat, and, in a loud and excited tone, exclaimed:

"And *I* have a few words to say to the coloured people here. If there is no telegraph sent at all, that slave shall go back to Kentucky, to his master, according to my decision; and if any of you dare to oppose that decision by force, you will be SHOT DOWN!"

This spirited burst of patriotism was hailed with cheers by the officials and a number of men hired to to be present as a protective force, and the wounded man was taken to jail and locked up.

The Slavecatcher was also arrested and locked up on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

Throughout the night the court-house and jail were surrounded by a considerable crowd of coloured citizens, who conducted themselves peaceably, but remained constantly watching the jail. There was no attempt at disturbance of any kind.

HUMANITY EXEMPLIFIED.

After the arrest of the alleged fugitive slave, Daniel Davis, yesterday, a large number of men, (they call themselves gentleman) were seen walking about the streets greatly elated and rejoicing over the the capture that had been made. That capture was made in the most wanton and brutal manner, the poor negro having been struck down with a large club, his head badly lacerated and the blood streaming from his wounds; and yet, without knowing whether there was proof sufficient to hold him as a slave, the men were congratulating each other upon the fact that a man claimed as a fugitive slave had been arrested in the city. It may be that they have humane feelings; it may be they have hearts;—but we would not trust our life with a man who could thus rejoice, in the public streets, over the capture that was made yesterday

But this is not all. When the Commissioner, Henry K. Smith, decided that Daniel must be delivered up to the Slavecatcher, and that any man who attempted to prevent the delivery *would be shot down*, this characteristic and gratuitous bravado, on the part of the pro-slavery Commissioner, *was applauded by the very men who had rejoiced over the arrest.*

We blush for humanity, when we witness such scenes. We deplore the fact that partisan feeling can thus rob men of the ordinary impulses of the human heart. The abuse of a brute in our streets would arouse feelings creditable to humanity, but the brutal capture of a human being, under one of the much lauded compromise measures, awakens rejoicing among some of our citizens, and is regarded as a cause of hearty congratulation. How long it will be asked by the humane, will this state of things continue? How long will public opinion countenance such outrages as that of yesterday?—How long?—how long?

THE CASE OF ASSAULT IN THE BUFFALO FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

There was, says the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, a large throng of persons at and around the Court House on Saturday morning, awaiting the examination of Rust, agent for the owner of Daniel the fugitive slave, who had been arrested charged with a brutal assault and battery upon the fugitive in effecting his arrest on board the Steamer Buckeye State. At about 11 o'clock, Rust was brought up from jail without any disturbance on part of the multitude, excepting a few hisses in the hall leading to the court room. If there was any feeling of excitement it could not be perceived.

District Attorney Williams and H. S. Love appeared on behalf of the people, and Rust was arraigned on a charge of assault and battery on the person of John Davis, alias Daniel, the fugitive slave, with intent to kill, in the city of Buffalo, on the 15th instant.

Dennis Bowen and H. B. Austin, Attornies for Rust.

Prisoner plead not guilty to the charge, and declared himself ready for the examination.

George B. Gates, sworn—Says he is Deputy Marshal of this district; arrested the coloured man called Daniel, on the Buckeye State, on the 15th instant; John Pierce, Levi Williams, Tyler and Rust, the defendant, went with him; requested Tyler, Williams, and Pierce to assist in the arrest; found Daniel in the kitchen of the Buckeye State, under the main deck; four other coloured men were in the kitchen at the time; Daniel was in the kitchen; witness did not get into the kitchen, as the lower part of the door leading to the cabin was nailed up; spoke to Daniel, and told him he must go with him; Daniel said he could not; told him he must; he, Daniel, then went up a straight ladder, through a hatchway above; told Pierce and Williams he was going out above; just then he fell back into the kitchen; should think his head was just above the floor; should think he fell five or six feet; fell on the floor; his head struck the stove; was badly burned; was stupid; could walk with help; walked up to the Commissioner's office: sent for Dr. Hill, who came and dressed his wounds; dont know who was near him when he was struck.

Cross-examined—Requested Rust to go with him and make the arrest; witness went to the defendant's room first; does not know that anything had been done by Tyler before or after the witness went below; Daniel had something in his hand; does not know what it was; the room was dark, only two small lamps being in the place; four coloured men were in the room; one or two of them left the room; Jones helped to get the fallen man away from the stove; it was so dark that it was difficult to discern anything very distinctly; there was no time to go from below and take Daniel before he escaped; he is a very strong man; thinks Rust was above at the time; don't know as any one else of his party was there; the boat was at the foot of Commercial street.

Direct examination—Defendant is a tall man, but otherwise a small man, over six feet; didn't know how many bowie-knives or pistols prisoner had at the time.

James Hamilton, sworn—Lives at Rochester; sails on the lake; is on no vessel at present; was on the Buckeye State on the 15th instant; was in the cabin; saw prisoner; he was standing by the wood-box; he took up two sticks of wood and laid them down, and then took up another; it was like the one in court; this was on the main deck, near the stairway to the kitchen; when he picked up and laid down the stick, he selected a larger one each time; witness then went below.

Cross-examined — Didn't see the prisoner use the stick except to hold it in his hand.

Dr. R. Hill, sworn—Is a physician and surgeon in Buffalo; was called to dress the wounds of Daniel on the 15th; found a wound about two inches in length on the back of the head, behind the right ear; it was a cut wound; might be made by the stick of wood in court; was also bruised and burned on the forehead; some hæmorrhage at the nose and mouth; the man appeared dull and stupid; would answer questions, but rather slow, and questions must be repeated; there was no evidence of concussion that he noticed; saw him again in the Court House; when called up by Commissioner, appeared about as when his wounds were dressed; saw him this morning; some inflammatory action about the contusion and burn; is feverish; pulse indicating fever; thinks his physical condition would render it impolitic to bring him into court to testify; should keep quiet; one eye is badly swollen.

Cross-examined—If the blow produced concussion, he saw no symptoms of it; it was a clean cut to be inflicted with a stick; sees no symptoms of immediate danger; the stick in Court might produce the wound with sufficient velocity.

Seth Clark Sworn—Is jailer; defendant was committed to jail yesterday afternoon about four o'clock; did not examine prisoner when committed; in the evening found on the person of the prisoner a revolver and bowie knife; the revolver had six barrels, all capped; knife blade from six to ten inches in length.

Mr. Austin objected to this testimony, on the ground that although the defendant might have been armed in the afternoon it was no evidence of his being so at the time of the offence. Mr. Love contended that on an examination of this character it was perfectly proper for the court to allow large latitude in receiving testimony not only with regard to the offence charged, but as to any other offence that may be shown by the testimony elicited.

Justice Gold thought it entirely within the discretion of the court to allow latitude in admitting testimony, and decided to admit the testimony in question. The case was held open until Monday morning to obtain witnesses who are absent from town; and the defendant was remanded to prison to await the hour.

On Monday morning, says the *Buffalo Express*, the case of the *People vs. Rust*, for assault and battery, was taken up.

Barney Corn sworn—Works on the Buckeye State as a deck hand; was on board the boat on Friday, at the time Daniel was arrested; saw the defendant strike Daniel with a stick of wood; I think that is the stick, (referring to the stick in court); I was scrubbing on deck close by; the defendant went to the wood box and picked up a stick of wood; Daniel came up through the hatchway; I saw his head appear above the deck; he had got his head only up, when the defendant raised his stick in both hands, thus, (raising his hands above his head) and struck him with all his force; he only struck him once, and Daniel fell; was standing close by.

Cross-examined—Saw the cook's head and recognised Daniel; his head just appeared above decks, when the defendant struck him; the defendant was standing close by the hold; dont know that Daniel saw defendant; he did not look up; did not speak to defendent before the blow was struck; saw some men go down in the kitchen, and thought something was the matter; when the blow was struck saw Daniel fall; thought, at the time, Daniel was dead; defendant stood a moment and then went away; others were on deck at the time; don't know their names; John Delancy was there; was waiting to recieve the dinner for the deck hands up through the same kitchen way; this was about twelve o'clock, noon.

The court reviewed the testimony, and adjudged the defendant guilty of a severe assault and battery, without intent to kill.

At five o'clock, P. M. the defendant appeared in court and plead guilty to the charge of assault and battery, and was fined fifty dollars

SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.

Not long ago the *New York Express*, commenting upon that part of John Van Buren's speech at Burlington in which the continued necessity of the Wilmot Proviso, in regard to the territories of New Mexico and Utah, was insisted on, said:

"It would be well first to see if there is any Slavery in New Mexico and Utah, before the Vermonters turn Don Quixotes, and go at a windmill there."

But Slavery at this moment exists in New Mexico. Of this there is evidence, unhappily too convincing. The Rev. Mr. Kephart, a Missionary, in a letter from Santa Fe, dated Feb. 28th, 1851, tells the following story of a *Mexican Slaveholder:*

"An incident on a small scale occurred a few days since which will serve to throw some light upon the Websterian theory of *physical impossibility* in regard to Slavery and its introduction into this territory. The Committee of the A. and F. Anti-Slavery Society had sent me a number of copies in English and Spanish of an Address to the inhabitants of New Mexico and California animadverting upon the action of Congress in relation to those territories, and portraying the pernicious influences of Slavery. As I could not converse in Spanish, I procured the services of an old Mexican who was acquainted with every person about the city, and gave him some of the addresses. The old man had spent a part of one afternoon very faithfully in his work and was coming to my room the next morning for a fresh supply, when he was stopped in the street by some ruffian, *a Mexican Slaveholder* as I have been since informed, and threatened with violence if he should dare to distribute any more."

The address which thus excited the threats of the *slaveholder* in New Mexico was the admirable document prepared by Judge Jay, on the omission by Congress to provide New Mexico and California with Territorial Governments, and on the social and political evils of Slavery. Like all the productions of this admirable man, it is clear and logical, abundant in facts and figures, and conclusive in its reasoning. It appeals only to the highest motives, and relies throughout upon divine truth, without exaggeration, declamation, or any tincture of personality. And yet a *slaveholder* at Santa Fe threatened a Christian missionary with violence if he should dare to distribute any more of this tract.

The spirit of this slaveholder seems now to animate the territory of New Mexico, which is fatally surrendering itself to Slavery. Its present Governor, James S. Calhoun, is a fit representative of a national administration which sanctioned the Fugitive Slave Bill. Some judgment may be formed of his anti-republican and unchristian character from the following passage in his message to the Legislative Assembly of New Mexico:

"Free negroes are regarded as nuisances in every State and Territory in the Union, and where they are tolerated, society is most degraded. I trust the Legislature will pass a law that will prevent their entrance into this territory. The disgusting degradation to which society is subjected by their presence is obvious to all, and demands a prohibitory act of the severest character."

With such a Governor, backed by a national administration apostate to Freedom, the plots of Slavery have full play. The influence of Government is against Freedom, whose humble missionaries are left to battle alone in this vast territory with the Slave Power. Listen again to the Rev. Mr. Kephart:

"They will hedge up my way by every possible device, so as to prevent me from making a survey of the country, and finding out its agricultural, manufacturing and mineral advantages. They will send their forerunners in every direction, to every point, *to prepare the way before me* by hedging it up. The more wealthy of the Mexicans—the peon-holders—can easily be persuaded that the same agency that would abolish Slavery would also abolish peonage, and I believe that they are about as stubbornly bent upon the perpetuation of that system as the slaveholders are in regard to this. Taking all these things into consideration, I sometimes feel as if it were a bootless expenditure of my time and your money longer to stay here, and am very much inclined to pull up stakes and go home; but when the thought recurs, 'Who, then, will be left here to lift up his voice for freedom? *Not one!*' I cannot bear the idea of giving up the field so. I have, however, felt it to be my duty to give a plain statement of the facts in the case. *I suppose there will be several families out here this Spring, bringing their slaves with them. That is to be the policy. They will not at first bring slaves here in large numbers, as that would arouse the suspicions of the Mexicans, but families will move in bringing their domestics with them, thus gradually familiarising them with the thing, and paving the way for larger importations. The fact is, I do not believe that this territory will ever be a free State by the action of its population, unless there should be a large immigration from the North.* Unless the freemen of the North will plant themselves upon the broad platform of *no more Slave States*, and stand by it, in my humble judgment the last hope of arresting Slavery-domination is extinguished, and we may either prepare ourselves meekly to bear the yoke in future, or cast it off, as our fathers did, by revolution.

It is of no use longer to shut our eyes to the light because it is painful. The question of Slavery has ceased to be one in relation to the *negro race*, though that was enough to invest it with infinite interest. It has reached its culminating point, and the question now to settle is, Shall the *white* FREEMEN of the North be *freemen* indeed, or shall they submit themselves to a vassalage more degrading than negro Slavery, because *voluntarily* assumed?"

Such is the testimony of an eye-witness, writing from New Mexico. Mr. Webster's vaunted law of physical geography is powerless against the wickedness of human nature and the untiring machinations of slaveholders. Against these, nothing but the discarded "thunder" of the Wilmot Proviso can prevail.

Besides attempting to exclude from the territory every thing that would tend to bring the peculiar institution into disrepute, industrious efforts have been made to prevent the sending out such information as would be likely to encourage immigration from the Northern States. This, of course, would leave it entirely at the disposal of slaveholders, who will fill it up as fast as they can. On this, Mr. Kephart says:

"Before I left Missouri, this influence was brought to bear on me. It was more than once said, "If you write for the newspapers after you get out there, *don't say anything good of New Mexico.*" Startling accounts of its barrenness and sterility were given, which, if I had fully believed them, would have led me to believe that a single blade of grass might have begged in vain through the whole territory for nourishment enough to maintain it a single summer. These stories have been repeated to me since my arrival here, until I have learned how to estimate them."

So far from this being true, this reverend missionary describes the country as consisting in part of mountains, inarable indeed, but supposed to be rich in minerals — gold, silver, lead, copper, quicksilver and coal: but in part, also, of as fertile arable land as is to be found any where. He adds:

"The cultivation of the soil is carried on with comparatively little labour, and as a grazing country it has perhaps no equal. In a portion of the Territory I have been informed cotton grows as finely, and yields as well, as in any of the cotton-growing States. The Navajo Indians raise as fine wheat and corn as is to be found perhaps any where in the States, and with scarcely any labour whatever."

Can any sane person, whose brain has not been turned by the madness of Websterism, read this authentic testimony to the true character of this territory, without feeling a pang that its rich minerals, its productive soil, its cotton-growing lands are not guarded by express act of Congress against the introduction of Slavery? Legislative prohibition is the only talisman by which this threatening evil can be averted. No compromise, and no jesuitical argument, can blind the eyes to the necessity of such an act, or the duty of urging it in every practical manner. The *Democratic Standard*, in one of its recent numbers, thus sounds the alarm, in language which we are glad to repeat:

"At no period in the history of this country has there ever been more real danger of the extension of Slavery into free territory than there is at this moment. There never has been a time when greater necessity existed for the exercise of vigilance by the friends of freedom to check the aggressions of the slave power. But yet there is a strange apathy upon the public mind in relation to this important subject. This ought not to arise from discouragement in view of the results of previous efforts, for the anti-extension agitation of 1848 was blessed with splendid success. To the agitation in favour of the Wilmot Proviso is unquestionably due the securing of Oregon against Slavery, and the formation of a free State constitution for California. Present safety from the danger of Slavery extension by no means justifies apathy or lukewarmness upon this subject; for the danger is immediate and Slavery is now being carried into New Mexico."

The same paper says again:

"In view of all these manifestations, what are the friends of freedom doing to prevent the lasting disgrace and curse from resting upon our national escutcheon, of extending human Slavery into territory where the half civilized Mexicans had abolished it? Nothing, absolutely nothing, by either of the party organizations. The Whig party stands fully committed to the slave power in opposition to any legislation by Congress to prohibit the extension of Slavery. The Democratic party, which in the northern States in 1848 supported Cass, with a protest against his Nicholson letter doctrine of non-intervention, do not now give any signs of maintaining the doctrine of Slavery prohibition. Both these parties seem bent upon securing the golden prize of the next Presidency by submission to the dictation of slaveholders, and are striving to keep the subject of Slavery extension out of the sight and thought of the people."

But whatever may be the course of the old parties, the true party of Freedom, and all the loyal friends of Freedom, will never forget that the Prohibition of Slavery in the National Territories should be made an essential principle of our Government. Whoso fails in support of this principle is a dastard to our cause.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE GREAT RECEPTION

London, July 31, 1841.

My Dear Sir: In my last letter, I gave you a general description of the first two meetings between Mr. Thompson and his constituents. A third, and still more enthusiastic meeting of the electors and non-electors was held last night, at which two resolutions were passed unanimously—the first, of unequivocal approval of and confidence in their honourable representative; the second, of censure upon the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, for his impertinent interference between the electors of the Tower Hamlets and their Member. Behind the back of Mr. Thompson, a little clique of pro-political Slavery men were loud in his condemnation; before his face, the question has twice virtually, and a third time in express terms, been asked, 'Where are his accusers?' Notwithstanding the utmost publicity was given to the time, place and objects of the meeting, not one of these cavillers, in his absence, had the courage to appear in his presence, and arraign the alleged Parliamentary defaulter. The only delinquency of which he could be found guilty, was the minor sin of omission, to which he at once pleaded guilty—his not writing to his attached constituents. Whatever may have been the anxiety they suffered on his account—and I assure you that when reports were in circulation of the peril his life was placed in, there was elicited a feeling of intense alarm, far different from what would have resulted from the ordinary cold official tie of representative and represented—yet they followed the example set them by a sufferer nearer and dearer to him than even his constituents, and in the light of his generous countenance, and under the magical sound of his voice, they cancelled all recollection of the pain they had endured from his lengthened absence and his neglect of the pen. In connection with this subject, however, of the want of information in this country concerning the proceedings of Mr. Thompson in America, an animated discussion arose respecting the delinquency of another party, for whom no apology was attempted to be offered, and whose *suppressio veri* was unequivocally denounced as intentional *suggestio falsi*—Mr. John Scoble, and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

That an eminent public man, like George Thompson, whose antecedents are, beyond those of any living being on this side the Atlantic, *par excellence* Anti-Slavery—who is universally regarded as the most eloquent and fearless orator in Great Britain—who, as the champion of the Anti-Slavery Society, for years so successfully laboured for the emancipation of the negroes in the West India Islands—to whose wonderful exertion 800,000 human beings are now materially indebted for the enjoyment of the greatest earthly blessing, liberty—who, in 1835, at the risk of life and limb, visited the United States and gave a blow to its mighty Slave Power, from the force of which it is still staggering, and from which it will never ultimately recover—who now sustains the dignified position of member of the British Legislature for the largest and most wealthy borough constituency in the kingdom—that a man like this should again visit America in 1850, and for a period of eight months achieve a rapid succession of most brilliant victories over that great foe of mankind, for whose destruction the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society avowedly professes to labour, and that the organ of such a Society, '*The Anti-Slavery Reporter*,' should maintain a profound silence upon that most important and interesting event in the Anti-Slavery world—was a fact so astounding as to elicit the loud and universal condemnation of the reformers of Kingsland, a condemnation which they expressed in no measured terms.

There was another gentleman, who also came in for no small degree of censure,—the Editor of the *British Banner*, Dr. Campbell, who, watching his opportunity, took advantage of the sailing of George Thompson, upon the 18th of October, when no reply could be given by the honourable gentleman in another paper—for the *British Banner* itself would have been out of the question, as it lays it down as a rule that nobody shall answer the Doctor in the Doctor's own paper—and sapiently informed the world that the member for the Tower Hamlets, on the other side of the Atlantic, represented nobody but himself. The object of the Editor of the *British Banner* was indeed as disgraceful as the means he employed to effect it were despicable. His object was to disparge the mission of one who was proceeding upon the most apostolic work that man or even angel could engage in—not on account of his own theological heterodoxy, but because he was about to co-operate with certain men, who, although confessedly sound and true-hearted Abolitionists, did not happen to be, like the Doctor, sound and true Calvinists!—Their practical Christianity—their works of faith and labours of love—when placed in the Doctor's sectarian scales, kicked the beam in opposition to the more weighty matters of theological dogma. Their lives might be in close conformity with the model example of Jesus Christ, but their creed did not correspond with that of John Calvin; and therefore the Doctor, like a true priest, must visit them with excommunication, not merely from religious communion with the Tabernacle preacher, which they do not seek, but from all association and co-operation in rescuing the slaves from the grasp of both Calvinistic and Armenian tyrants in the Southern States. George Thompson, in his own creed, it is true, might be Orthodox; but his unsectarian spirit leading him to forget the heterodoxy of the Abolitionist, in his love of the slave, had induced him not only to co-operate, but wantonly to fraternise with these most noble and self-sacrificing men in the Anti-Slavery movement, he therefore has also been excommunicated by the Pope of the *British Banner!* Testing him by his own exclusive and damnatory theological standard, the Doctor had a right thus to subject George Thompson to spiritual excision—and I do not imagine he would have suffered much from the operation; but, in doing so, the Doctor had no right to employ the instrumentality of falsehood George Thompson, it is true, did not visit America as the representative of any ostensible A. S. organization; but looking at him in connection with his past history and then position, no man could deny that he represented a thousand fold more of the Anti-Slavery spirit of this country, than any other men who could have left our shores. Dr. Campbell well knew this; and in making the bare statement, that George Thompson in America represented nobody but himself, he was guilty of falsehood in the meanest of its forms—a paltry quibble. Did he go to America without any expressed approval of his mission from those with whom he was connected, and who were alone competent to endorse it? Certainly not; his farewell Soiree was attended by, and he re-received his credentials from, some 800 of his most influential friends and constituents, including some of the most prominent public characters of this country. Had he presented himself upon the shores of the United States as the representative of the only existing nominal Anti-Slavery organization, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, he would have represented, so far as we can gather from the list of 'Subscribers to the Society,' from the 1st of May, 1849, to the 1st of May, 1850, from 200 to 300 gentlemen and ladies; an organization whose receipts for that year, including their 'Special Fund' and proceeds of sale of the *Reporter*, appear to have been £940,12,2; and who, out of that amount, expended upon the editing, printing and publishing of the said *Reporter*, the salaries of secretary, clerk, housekeeper and messenger, £883, 10s. 8d.;—leaving the sum of £57,1,6, as applicable to all other purposes from that year's increase—an amount totally inadequate to the maintenance of a representative of a secular organization upon the American soil to rebuke the sin of American Slavery, for a period of eight months.

I had intended to have forwarded you by this mail, in addition to the general description I gave last week, a detailed account of the first two Tower Hamlets' meetings; but as the proceedings of last night were of such a thorough Anti-Slavery character, I cannot resist the temptation to alter my intention, and violate chronological order, with a view to give you the most gratifying meeting, in its Anti-Slavery aspect, first.

I am very much inclined to think that, upon reviewing the consequences of Mr. Thompson's unexpectedly prolonged visit to America, which has caused us, during several months, so much anxiety and fear, we shall ultimately have occasion to admire that Providence, which,

'Out of seeming evil, still educes good.'

Had he returned at the appointed period, we should have met him probably with a welcome Soiree; and there, so far as the direct Anti-Slavery influence of his American mission in this country was concerned, the matter would have ended. But his protracted stay with you has compelled him to appear and explain his absence to his constituents, in every part of the borough: and the development which he has thus been called upon to make of the character of that pro-Slavery power with which he has had to grapple, appears likely to lead to an Anti-Slavery revival in London, the genuineness of which will, I trust, hereafter be seen, not by its professions, but its fruits, and which will lead to the supply of that, the want of which has been so long and distressingly felt in this metropolis a real Anti-Slavery organization

I shall not attempt to give you that for which I am not well qualified—a graphic description of yesterday's proceedings; but I shall fulfil my more proper vocation of a reporter, in which capacity I shall endeavour to be more faithful than many who assume that character to the Anti-Slavery world.

The meeting, last night, was held in the highly respectable district called Kingsland, far removed from the *locale* of those coal whippers and porters by whom the American press assert Mr. Thompson was returned to Parliament. The readers of the *Liberator* may form some idea of the extent of the Tower Hamlets from the fact that it contains an area of forty square miles.

The second of Mr. Thompson's meetings was held three miles distant from the first; the third about the same distance from the second; and those hereafter to be held will be in perfectly distinct and independent districts. Kingsland contains some choice spirits, to most of whom your life, labours and writings are well known. Indeed, I know of no part of London more thoroughly sound in its Anti-Slavery spirit than Kingsland. The Committee is composed of men, some of whom, from their Anti-Slavery exertions, may be known to you, such as Messrs. Inglis, R. Smith, Pocock, Thomas Dick, Gosbell, Prior, and others, most active and efficient labourers in the cause of liberty at home, but whose sympathies, like those of all true reformers, are wide enough to take in the whole world. They are, moreover, fortunate in the services of an honourary Secretary, Mr. Isaac Mollett, one of our most quiet and unobtrusive, but at the same time most active, workers in the cause of reform, whose meat and drink it is to promote the cause of human progress. Perhaps one cause of the sterling character of this band of true-hearted reformers is the fact, that they derive a portion of their mental and moral aliment from the columns of the *Liberator*, to which they subscribe, and which circulates freely among them.

Mr Pocock, upon proposing that John Inglis, Esq., do take the chair, read the following letter from Frederick Clark, Esq., who had been advertised to preside:

Stoke Newington, July 30, 1851.

My Dear Sir: There is a mistake somehow, as to the evening for holding the meeting to receive Mr. Thompson. I informed the gentleman who invited me to take part in it, that I would gladly do so, if it was held on any other than Wednesday evening, when I had a particular pre-engagement.

This I regret, as it deprives me of the opportunity of stating, as fully as I should like, my unchanged feeling and unabated confidence in our worthy representative. Some of our friends, I am sorry to find, are dissatisfied at his prolonged detention in America, but when they have heard him explain the pressing calls made upon him by the friends of humanity in that country, and the obstructions presented to his mission of mercy by its enemies, I trust their discontent will be removed.

The prospect of a new Reform bill being introduced next session, and probably carried in the Commons, but thrown out by the Lords, and other important events likely to occur at no distant period, make it specially important that reformers should be united, while no important principle need be sacrificed. Let us not waste time and strength in splitting hairs. Dividing *them* will divide *us*, and so our strength will be diminished and our success delayed. Neither let us be fickle or fastidious towards the faithful representatives of our principles in the House of Commons, but firmly sustain them by every means in our power in the arduous battle they have to fight to secure the rights of the people. I am, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

Mr. J. M. Mollett. Frederick Clarke.

The following very acceptable letter was also read:

My Dear Sir: A preaching engagement of long standing prevents my being with you to-night, as I otherwise should have been, to welcome back our friend Mr. Thompson, who, I hope, will be found to have lost none of his strength from his trans-Atlantic trip. He will need it all; for what we are expecting and determining ultimately to have will not be gained without much effort, both in and out of the House.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Thompson; and
Believe me, very faithfully yours,
Thos. Aveling.

Stoke Newington, July 30, 1851.

The Chairman having, in a few remarks, introduced Mr. Thompson to the meeting,

Mr Thompson (who was received with most enthusiastic and prolonged cheering), in the course of a most eloquent address, said, that during the four years that he had held the high position of representative of the Tower Hamlets, he had not, in a pulsation of his heart, a purpose of his mind, a note that he had given, a speech that he had made, or a sentiment that he had uttered, departed the thousandth part of the breadth of a hair from the principles on which he was elected. He was glad that Mr. Inglis was that night in the Chair, for that gentleman had known him (Mr Thompson) for twenty years, and he challenged their Chairman to testify whether there or elsewhere—on that side of the Tweed or the other, on that side of the Atlantic or the other—he (Mr. T.) had, during that time, ever swerved for an instant, to the extent of a syllable, from the highest principles he ever professed. He would that he could summon that night those who had known him longest, from the moment he had lisped to that hour: 'for,' said the honourable gentleman, 'wheresoever I may have failed, in this I have failed not—that where I have perceived truth I have embraced it; where I have perceived it not, I have sought it; where I got a glimpse of it, I followed it; where I have perceived a principle, I have espoused it; and there breathes not the man who can lay two sentences of mine side by side, and say that I advocated one sentiment at one period of my life and another and a different at another period (cheers). Thus, far as principles are concerned, as my votes and intentions are concerned, I meet my constituents without fear and misgiving; with the confidence that they will not underrate the importance of having a representative thus inflexible, through evil report and good report, and I was going to say, in poverty and riches, but the one I never had, and the other I am not afraid to inherit until death (cheers). I say, in all circumstances, I have clung to that which I believe to be the universal and irreversible law of God, in politics and morals, as concerning the rights and happiness of mankind.'

Having described the motives which led him to visit America, he proceeded—'Had I carried out my plan on visiting that country, I should have pursued a comparatively quiet and even course; I should have visited as large a portion of that country as a stranger may visit who bears upon his forehead the brand of an attachment to liberty, whatever be the colour of the man or the latitude in which he was born—I should have travelled as widely through that country as my Anti-Slavery principles would have permitted me, and should have returned hither by the time I had appointed. But, on landing, I was assailed by the spirit of Slavery, even on the soil of the Pilgrim Fathers. In a vast assembly, convened to extend me a welcome, I was denied, by the ruffian agents of the pro-slavery party, an opportunity even of thanking my friends for the hospitality they were there to tender. I was denied a hearing. My life was threatened; I was branded by every epithet that could be cast upon the vilest and most detestable of the human race. I was told that I should not be heard on any spot in the United States. For a time—forgive me if you can—for a time, I forgot that I was an Englishman; that I was the representative of the Tower Hamlets; that I had a seat in Parliament, and that there was work to do at home. I remembered only that I was a man; that my rights had been menaced; that the gift of God in me had been circumscribed; and I said—and I redeemed my pledge—'I will remain here until on every spot of American soil on which I choose to stand, I will be heard, in maintenance of the universal, original, everlasting right of man to utter the sentiments with which he is inspired.' (Vehement cheering, repeatedly renewed). There was more than my individual right bound up in this question. I found that in my person had to be tested the right of hundreds of thousands of the noblest of men in that country, the only true republicans of America, who were contending with the giant spirit and colossal power of Slavery. If I could be stricken down, and my rights were sacrificed, they fell in me; and the right of every Englishman going afterwards to those shores, also was sacrificed in me. But more than this—I was denied a hearing; I was hung in effigy; I was burnt in effigy; the windows of my dwelling were injured; I was pelted in the streets; I was denounced as an incendiary; I was the victim—or, at least, I was marked as the victim, of conspiracies without number, the object of which was my assassination, because I was true to what I had been sixteen years before; and for more than twenty years, my mind has been solely devoted to human liberty in every part of the world. Had I yielded to the despotism of twenty millions of republicans, I should have dishonoured myself as a man, and been unworthy of a constituency like this (hear). I should have been a traitor to the truth, have wronged the slave, and, I think, should have returned to this country, deserving of rebuke, for not having maintained, consistently and valiantly, in the hour of danger, and in the face of my enemies, the principles I had contended for at home.—I remained to fight this battle, still intending to return but the further I proceeded, and the more I spoke to the people, the more numerous became the invitations for me to go elsewhere, the more numerous and perplexing the opportunities that offered themselves to me to render a small service to the cause of humanity by my remaining. I never deliberately purposed to remain one month in America beyond the time that I had fixed for my return. I did but accept to-day invitations for to-morrow, reluctant when the fields were white unto the harvest, to quit them without putting in the sickle, and gathering something more into the garner of human liberty (cheers). I might have been useful here; and you may decide to-night, and you are here to decide whether, these circumstances considered, I ought to have been here; but this allow me to say, without any view of influencing your judgement—that on careful study, on the other side of the Atlantic, of what was doing here, and what could be done here, and of what would have been done here, I am convinced, that, measuring the comparative value of my labours, not by the limits of this borough, nor by the limits of these islands, but by the limits of the globe itself, and of the human race—I was doing, and did do, a work in America which I could not have accomplished to the same extent elsewhere (cheers). But, while I thus yielded to the pressing invitations of the hour, I never forgot this constituency. Had I forgotten it, I might have remained. I had established my right to be heard; enemies had given place to friends; threatenings of coming danger were exchanged for acclamations of applause. I was invited by tens of thousands to stay, and resign my seat in Parliament. I repudiated the suggestion, and determined to come fairly, face to face with my constituents, first to account to them for my absence, freely, as I have done, to put the cause of that absence before them, and meekly as I shall do, to submit to their verdict, whatever it may be

Allow me to say, that had I remained for ease, leisure, emolument, recreation, I should have condemned myself before I had appeared to receive your censure. I was not botanizing on the Himalayas; I was not pursuing antiquarian researches on the banks of the Nile; I was not gazing upon the sublimities of the Alps or the Andes. I was not putting my legs under the tables of the bloated planters of the South, or truckling politicians of the North, of America. I was facing labours, peril, persecution, and obloquy, in the cause of the most oppressed and degraded of the human race.

My friends, a word respecting that cause. There are in the United States some twenty-two millions of human beings These are divided into the coloured and the white, the bond and the free. Out of these twenty-two millions, there are three millions and a half who cannot call their persons, their lives, their labours, their virtue, their faculties, their progeny, their own. Of all institutions of personal Slavery, looked at in connection with its safeguards and its origin—of all the institutions of Slavery on the face of the earth, there are none so unmitigatedly bad, so inexcusably atrocious, so colossal in their felonius aspect, so diametrically opposed to the professions and practices of the people that encourage and support them, as the institution of Slavery in the United States of America.—There is no republicanism in America while Slavery exists (cheers). The cause of liberty throughout the world is maimed and bleeding, while Slavery exists there. We preach democracy in vain in England, while a Tory and Conservative can point us to the opposite side of the Atlantic and say, 'There are 19,000,000 of the human race free, absolutely; every man heir-apparent to the throne; governing themselves—the government of all, by all, for all,—but, instead of being a consistent republic, it is one wide-spread confederacy of free men for the enslavement of an entire nation of another complexion.' While that institution lasts, the experiment of men to govern themselves has not been proved to be a successful one; for there is no virtue in loving freedom for ourselves. Nor let us deceive ourselves by imaging that we are democrats, still less republicans, because we like freedom for ourselves All men like it for themselves. There is not a man in Newgate, or the Penitentiary either, who would not like to be free; but he is there because he did not know or did not feel, that he who would love liberty in truth, should first be wise and good. If you show me a republic that has turned the power which freedom gives, the combination which freedom permits, all against human liberty, for their own individual advantage, careless of the rights, interests and happiness of millions living, and scores of millions unborn, you show me a people that each in his own person more dishonours the cause of human freedom than any despot has done; for his motto is government, and only government—the government of the one, or the few, over the many—while the individual who holds the equal rights of man every where, is the direst traitor to his principles, if he does not practically recognise that right, and grant to others the liberty he claims for himself. The result of my labours in that country was, that, on the average, I delivered a public address every day that I was there; that whereas, in the first instance, I was denied a hearing, and was ever afterwards more or less assailed by the public press, and threatened with danger, I was never denied a hearing again. Wherever I went, however hostile the city or town might appear to be before my arrival, I was invariably heard by the audience convened, and as invariably succeeded more or less in softening their prejudices, or altogether converting them to the opinions which I myself held. When I left the United States of America for England, in the same city where I disembarked from England, instead of a brawling, ruffianly mob denying me the right of a hearing, I was entertained at one of the most brilliant assemblies ever convened in the city, protected, not by the constabulary of the city, but by its changed public feeling, and by the confidence, if not esteem, of those who had previously repelled me.

I have now put before you, very briefly, the reasons which induced me to prolong my stay in America. I shall take up but little more of your time, in order that I may submit to the most rigorous examination, touching either my absence, or any other matter connected with my election and conduct in Parliament. All I have to say, with reference to the future, is, that, saving and excepting this absence—an offence I will never repeat, during my poltical connection with you—and hoping always that I shall have more ability to serve you than I have hitherto had, I shall be for the future, what I have been for the past (cheers). I will give no vote to please a minister (cheers), no vote merely to please my constituents—but will vote constantly as truth and duty shall dictate to my own conscience. But you have an opportunity of now saying whether, in your opinion, I ought to remain in the British House of Commons as your representative. I said when I was elected, and before I was elected, that I at least would afford to the electors of the Tower Hamlets an opportunity of having an annual election. I afford you this opportunity now, for I come before you even before Parliament is prorogued. If you can gather up the opinions of the people of the Tower Hamlets, and lay them before me to-morrow morning, and those opinions shall, to the extent of a majority of those who elected me, and of the non-electors, be adverse to my re-appearance in the House of Commons, I will never enter the doors of that House again (cheers). I have therefore come before you to receive your verdict. That I have enemies in this borough, I cannot doubt—I mean political enemies. What man is without them? My only wonder is, they are not more. That they covet my seat I can easily imagine (hear). That they require more respectability, more wealth, more influence, and a man, who, perhaps, might do more at the Treasury than I could ever do, or ever shall attempt to do, I can imagine. I do not wonder, therefore, at any amount of dissatisfaction; but I state to-night, not to those who have a purpose to serve, but to those who constitute an honest and impartial jury, that in their verdict, whatever it may be, if it shall be the verdict of the constituency at large, I will most cheerfully acquiesce. Gentlemen, I care nothing for a seat in Parliament. No man can punish me by putting me out of the House of Commons. For the honour itself, I care nothing. As far as a seat in that assembly is concerned, unless it be obtained through the confidence and affection of the people, and retained with that same confidence and affection, I care nothing. There is no human honour that I have coveted. I have repudiated them from the commencement of my public life to the present time. For party politics I care nothing: they are turbid and dirty waters. I have looked into the stream, and I like it not. Give me to drink at the fountain head, and not where it is mixed with the mud and slime of party contention (cheers). I care not for being in Parliament; for I have no eye to place. I care not for being in Parliament; for although I have been there four years, and oft invited, I have not eaten a dinner to be ascribed to it. Levees, whipper-in banquets, and ministerial dinners, I have repudiated; for I never will knowingly give cause for speaking evil of the good that I myself in my soul cherish. I will never cause my good to be evil spoken of by the slightest aberration, in seeming even, from my perfect independence (cheers). I am here, therefore, to-night, to put myself on my trial for my acts as your representative; for I cannot conceive that any man here will accuse me of a dereliction of principle. If I have not sufficiently explained those acts, I am now here ready to do so. So much for the future will I say—that, whatever my predilections may be, whatever the invitations sent me may be—I intend never to quit my native shores as long as I have any political connection with this, or any other part of the united kingdom. I will not risk your displeasure by again throwing myself into the way of temptation. I plead the circumstances to which I have referred, for they are my only and my sole justification. Far be it for me to say it is right for a representative to be absent, even for an hour. He must have a strong case, who shall be able to justify such an absence (hear). I ask the gentlemen to-night, who cry 'hear,' as an intimation, I suppose, that they agree with me, to say candidly and honesty, whether or not they consider the cause I have put before them sufficient to justify the temporary absence of which I have been guilty (cheers)? Let this, my friends, be what I am sure you, sir, will take care it shall be, a free meeting. Whosoever hath aught against me, let him speak it out. I shall esteem him my friend, and not my enemy, if he utters the truth, however it may seem to be against myself. He will afford me the opportunity, peradventure, of further explanation, and doing more justice to the motives to which I have been influenced

I shall now, gentlemen, take my seat, and leave myself in your hands. Imperfect I know I am; erring I know I am; but as far as my appreciation of your kindness in times that are past goes, and the estimate I have put upon the honour you have done me, in sending me to Parliament, I cannot be exceeded by any man who could stand before you. But if you can now, or at any future time, find one more worthy of this great constituency than I am, who can give greater effect to those principles which are yours, as well as mine, than I can do—who can bring greater influence and talent to the advocacy of your cause, and the cause of our common country, then send me to enjoy the luxury of a private life, and place in the position of honour in which you have once put me, a man, who, being better able to serve you than I am, ought to be preferred before me; and I shall be the first to congratulate you upon having made a better choice in the second instance than you were able to make in the first. (The honourable gentleman resumed his seat amidst the most rapturous applause).

The Chairman then rose and stated, that, having been appealed to by Mr. Thompson, he begged to state that he had known that honourable gentleman for nearly twenty years; that he had seen him in various positions, serving with him upon committees and in other ways; and he (the Chairman) boldly said—and he did so from the bottom of his heart—that he had seen no man, and knew no man, either in private or public, so disinterested, and who from his soul was so desirous of promoting the well-being of his fellow man, as Mr. Thompson (cheers) He (the Chairman) also said, that he never met with any man who was so utterly destitute of any desire for filthy lucre (hear, hear). In all positions in which he had been placed, money was the last matter with which his mind was taken up. Indeed he (the Chairman) frequently thought that, to a great extent, the fault of Mr. Thompson was, the sacrificing of his own comforts, and those of his family, in order to promote the great cause of humanity in which they were all engaged.

Mr. Boggis rose and said—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, it is only by such proceedings as are adopted here to-night that we can get at the opinions of the majority of the electors of the Tower Hamlets. The commencing of these meetings is one of the wisest courses Mr. Thompson could have pursued in consistency, and with honour to himself and ourselves. He states that he believed great dissatisfaction with himself prevailed in the minds of many of his constituents. I am inclined rather to differ with him on that point (hear). Dissatisfaction, no doubt, there does exist, and dissatisfaction in certain quarters will always exist; but the existence of 'great dissatisfaction,' I deny. It exists only with a section; it may be a large one, of the constituency, who were anxious that things in this country should remain as they are. The men who were desirous of a change for the better cannot disagree with our friend Mr Thompson (hear). He has nobly shown that the humanity in his breast is not exactly confined to the boroughs of the Tower Hamlets. As a stone dropped in the water caused circles which spread wider and wider and wider, so the spirit of Mr. Thompson being moved, his sympathies grew wider and wider, until they took in the whole world (cheers). As Mr. Thompson had said, there are numbers of the British Senate who leave their country for the purpose of ascending the Alps, gazing on the Pyramids of Egypt, or warming their noses at Mount Ætna (laughter), but not a single murmer was raised against them, nor was the cry ever uttered, 'Where is he gone? When will he come back again?' When there is no public virtue in the land, the people naturally expect no public virtue to bloom: and therefore, they are not disappointed. But when a man like Mr. Thompson goes, they discover that he is gone, and they anxiously inquire the reason of his absence, and how long it is likely to continue. You know my friends, and Mr. Thompson knows right well—no man better—that the tall oak of the forest is more exposed to the blast of the tempest than the little shrub. So it has been with him. He, and all men who attach themselves to the cause of humanity, must expect to have to bear up against insult and persecution, from a large portion of the people Mr. Thompson's mission to America was the very errand of Christianity (cheers) He went to tell the pious slaveholders and Slavery supporters, ay, and preachers of the gospel too, the fundamental truth of the Bible, that God hath made of one blood all people that dwell upon the face of the earth (cheers). Yes, men of England, it is right that your voices should go forth across the Atlantic, that they should vibrate through the towns and cities, and be heard even in the deserts of that wide-spread country from whence our honourable representative has just returned, to tell the professed Christians of America that they are acting in defiance of that Word of God, to which they profess such reverent obedience. Instead of Mr. Thompson's labours in the United States lowering him in the estimation of the people of the Tower Hamlets, it furnishes us with an additional incentive to rally round him (loud and prolonged cheering). I, as one of the electors of this borough, tell Mr. Thompson that he need feel no fear on account of his prolonged absence. I know that he does not fear the issue of this meeting, whatever it may be, because he has acted in perfect consistency with his own conscience, and with his love for humanity. Where he may lose one vote, I believe he will gain two by his noble exertions in America. Were I in possession of a hundred, I would give them all to him (cheers) I know it is grievous to the ears of some to hear me so zealous in behalf of our friend here, but this is the coal that burns in the hearts of thousands of the electors of the Tower Hamlets (cheers). If Mr. Thompson were displaced from the representation of this borough, where should we find a member superior to him (hear)?—Where is the man you can select, and put in the scale with him, and say that he weighs better? Where will you find a nobler advocate for the rights of man than he? He did not carry in his hand to America, as the press there falsely said, British gold, but he carried the hand of humanity and the heart of love to those who were in Slavery, and that was far superior to gold, or the precious gift.

Sir, I have heard—and I wish to ask Mr. Thompson whether the statement is true—I think Colonel Thompson alludes to the circumstance in a letter to his constituents—that on your rising, Sir, the other night, in the House of Commons, you were immediately beset by individuals in that House, and received with howling and all manner of noises? (Mr. Thompson—'Yes.') Then as an individual elector, I say that it was not Mr. Thompson that was insulted, but it was his constituents (cheers). If our ambassador is sent to a foreign court, and he was there insulted, it was England that was insulted; and if Mr. Thompson was insulted in the House of Commons, he having been sent there by us, we are insulted in him (hear). It is the duty of the electors and non electors of the Tower Hamlets to protest against this conduct of the House of Commons. I, for one, say of Mr. Thompson, in the language of Pilate respecting Christ at his trial, 'I find no fault in him (cheers)?' Where is thine accuser (loud cries of 'None, none')? Where is thine accuser, I say (renewed cries of 'None, none')? Let him stand forth and prefer his accusation. I say, again, let him stand forth, and we will hear all that can be said by him (cheers). We will not interrupt him, as our friend was interrupted in America, by noise; we will patiently listen to every proof of guilt that can be alleged against him, and then judge accordingly; but until that accusation is brought, and that proof given, I, for one repeat that I find no fault in him; I am sure it will be the united response of this assembly, 'We find no fault in him (loud cheers).'

Before I sit down I will submit a resolution, which will afford each individual an opportunity of expressing his opinion upon the subject for which we have been convened; or if any one chooses to submit an amendment, he can do so:

Resolved, That this meeting, consisting of electors and non-electors for the Kingsland and Stoke Newington District of the Tower Hamlets tenders its hearty congratulations to George Thompson, Esq., M. P., on his safe return from the United States—and records its determination, in the event of a general election, to use its utmost endeavours to secure his reëlection by a triumphant majority.

I need not ask for a seconder to this resolution. I know there are hundreds present who will second it with all their heart and soul.

Mr. Pocock said, that the resolution which had just been moved had been moved spontaneously by Mr. Boggis, without the knowledge of the Committee, who were, however, willing to to waive their own resolution, and adopt this.

Mr. Savage briefly seconded the resolution.

[*London Cor. of The Liberator.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

* * *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†|† *Donations to the Treasury of the* American Anti-Slavery Society *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1851.

THE LIBERTY BELL FOR 1852.

As the time approaches when it will become necessary to take measures in reference to the publication of *The Liberty Bell*, we think it best through the medium of *The Standard* and *Liberator*, to bring the subject before the minds of such friends as have hitherto aided or may wish for the first time to aid us, rather than as heretofore, by private correspondence.

We trust that our friends who have hitherto coöperated with us will give their help none the less readily, that *we are prevented by want of liesure from bringing the subject before them in any more direct mode.*

We would say to those friends of the Cause designing to devote a specified sum toward preparations for the Bazaar, that we do not think their money could be more wisely expended the present year than in aiding the Bazaar's Annual, feeling as we do from year to year an increased assurance that it is in a variety of ways, irrespective of its pecuniary success, a most valuable and efficient instrumentality.

For the necessary funds we must therefore rely upon those friends whose position will enable them on this point to coincide in opinion with ourselves, knowing that we may safely trust to the Anti-Slavery friends throughout the country and in Europe for so extensive and beautiful a collection of articles generally, as shall exceed that of any previous exhibition.

We have received promises of literary assistance from many distinguished friends of Freedom both at home and abroad, and we earnestly beg all such to transmit their articles as early, if possible, as the 1st of October.

All communications and donations may be directed to Miss A. W. Weston, Weymouth, Mass.; or *Anti-Slavery Office*, 21 Cornhill, Boston

CUBA.

It is written in the Book of Destiny that Cuba will not be much longer a Spanish Colony. The recent events in that Island will by no means serve to damp the ardour of the American love of freedom, but will rather whet the desire to deliver Cuban masters from the thraldom of Spanish tyranny, and to give Cuban slaves over to the tender mercies of Yankee overseers and American slave-whips. That the Spanish authorities should venture to oppose a rebellion against their Government, and should dare to render speedy justice to the piratical scoundrels who invaded Spanish territory, has excited a storm of indignation from Maine to Texas. The virtuous patriotism of New York is the first to exhibit itself, and the City Hall has already re-echoed the indignant appeals of Capt. Rynders and his compeers to rally for the cause of equality and liberty. There may be, we do not doubt there are, many individuals, even in this community, who look upon the invasion of, and the revolution in, Cuba as any thing else but the cause of freedom, and who are far from regarding the fifty malefactors who were shot a few days ago in Havana as martyrs to liberty; but such persons, if they say any thing, speak with bated breath, and only watch with a little more than their usual interest the market for stocks. They form no party; they make no show of opposition to their active and truculent neighbours. Perhaps they will come to look with favour upon the Cuban movement; at any rate they will acquiesce in it and submit to it as inevitable. It may be they have not the power, it is certain they have not the will, to create events which shall set at nought the progress of those which are working another manifest destiny for another Slave State. But whether Cuba will become another bright particular star to illumine with its rays our emblematical stripes, is an event which may not be calculated upon with quite so much confidence.

One need not be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to venture the first prediction. Had we not full faith in the national passion for slaveholding, the national lust for territory, the national love for military glory, we should fill the measure of our trust with the implicit confidence we feel in the national energy. The people have fed so fat upon prosperity and success they are as full of fight as bull-dogs dietted upon raw meat. It only needs that they should snuff up a few such whiffs of blood as that with which the breeze which blows over Havana is now loaded to make them like Sue's butcher, see red, and go mad for slaughter. And with the hope of such a jewelled star to be added, as the reward of valour, to the national galaxy, they reckon it will go hard but their thrifty courage shall be crowned with success. The Cuban patriots may count with certainty upon American sympathy and American prowess.

It is one thing, however, to make Cuba a successful rebel to the mother-country, and another to compel her to continue a slaveholding State, and so such attach her to this Union. Cuba a free colony would be more valuable to Spain than no Cuba at all; and if Spain can not enjoy her as a slave colony, she is determined *that* no other nation shall. She has given fair warning that, if driven to extremity, she shall put arms into the hands of the slaves and bid them fight for their Liberty, and we are very certain that they will need no second bidding.

Spain may lose Cuba, but who may gain her is quite another question. If she becomes independent of the mother-country, she may become free also, and in that case our *fillibusteros* would come home with a flea in their ear quite worthy of being produced in the tropics. The Union would not thank Spain for the gift of the free State of Cuba; and the crusade for Liberty, for the demolition of Spanish rule in the New World, for spreading the inestimable blessing of our republican institutions, would be sadly and outrageously balked if that is all we are to get by it. There will be no triumphal entry into the Capital if the oar of victory can only be hung with the flags of the vanquished, and drags no slaves chained to its wheels. If the shout of victory is to be swollen by the glad cry of emancipated bondmen, it will find no response in the bosom of brother Jonathan. The liberty of having 'niggers' is what he means to fight for; and if he thought this present business was to have any other issue, he would have nothing to do with it.

Such, nevertheless, may be its issue, and quite a new state of thing may then arise promising quite new results. Among the other acts of Spanish tyranny which should be abrogated by conquest would be an Act of Emancipation. The slaves would be called upon to lay down their arms and return to the plantations. But would they? That, we take it, would be a question not easily settled short of a good deal of throat-cutting. How it would probably go we may conjecture from what befell, half a century ago, in St. Domingo. Cuban slaves are also, many of them, native Africans, in whose bosoms a wild love of liberty is as yet by no means extinguished; Cuban slaves also have centuries of wrong to their race to remember; Cuba also has its mountain fastnesses and deep forests, and the indomitable negroes will hardly leave there freedom and happiness for the plains and the plantations, for toil and the whip. We have great faith, as we said before, in our national energy; but we have still greater faith in the desperate courage of half-civilized Africans who, having suffered once the bitter lot of the slave, have had arms put into their hands, and been told to stand upon their own defence.

If we cannot arrest the progress of events, it is at least some comfort that it cannot always be guided. Thus the vaulting ambition of the slave power, if it be indomitable, is not so certain of gaining what it aims at. Here comes a period when the advice of our pious friends, who have so long urged the Abolitionists to be patient waiters upon Providence, may be safely followed. It may be God's will that a Revolution to strengthen the slave-power and add a new and rich slave State to the Union may end in the freedom of all of Cuba's slaves.

Another consideration in this matter may claim our attention. If Spain shall proclaim Emancipation in her colony to save it from the grasp of the United States, and the attempt shall be made to reduce those emancipated slaves again to bondage that Cuba may become a fit member of this republic, will the North be a consenting party to such an act? We make no pretensions here to the gift of prophecy. In the relation between the North and the South history teaches us yet, but one lesson, and when we venture upon vaticination we tread only so far as we are guided by experience.

BLOODY WORK IN CUBA.

The news of the execution of fifty persons in Havana concerned in the invasion of Cuba reached here last week, and we give the details below as collated by the *Evening Post*. Subsequent arrivals have verified this intelligence and further news is waited for with great anxiety:

We announced yesterday, by the Winfield Scott, the landing of the Lopez expedition at Bahia-Honda, and this morning the Cherokee brings us a report of the result. Our accounts are somewhat confused and conflicting, but we are able to extract from them a pretty clear and consistent narrative of the events.

Mr. W. W. Boyle, the purser of the Cherokee, will accept our thanks for the latest Havana papers, and for notes of the doings in Havana.

It was on the 15th that Lopez and his men disembarked from the Pampero at Cubanos, to the number of about five hundred, according to the American accounts, but of one thousand, in the Spanish version.

General Pragay, the distinguished Hungarian, Adjutant General of Klapka, at Comorn, who has been in forty-two battles, and is a most skilful officer, went with Lopez as second in command. There were also twenty Hungarian engineers in the party. The other officers were Col. Crittenden, late of the army, a nephew of the Attorney General, who has immediate command of an artillery company; Col. Doilm[illegible] of Georgia, who served through the Mexican w[illegible]or J. A. Kelly, who served in Florida and Me[illegible] Capts. W. Scott Haynes, A. J. Dailey, and other[illegible] names we do not know.

"Every man was armed," says the *Faro*, "with a brace of six-barelled pistols, a bowie knife, and a musket, the latter not of the best quality. They only landed one day's rations, some of which were fowls, and the rest two barrels of beef. The expedition is composed of some fifty natives of the Island, and the rest North American, and of other nations. On disembarking, Lopez sent a threatening letter, forbidding, on pain of death, the spreading of the news of his arrival, and ordering that they should send him a waggon, with which he removed all his munitions and rations."

The Captain General sent out about 800 men to meet Lopez, when he heard that he had landed, but after they had advanced to ascertain his position, they would move no further without reinforcements; he then sent 700 more.

The next day, the 13th, the report was, that Gen. Lopez had cut off all communication between the government forces and Havana, and the fact of the Captain General having received no despatches from the General in command, seemed strong proof of it. Nor had his steamers cruizing on the coast, any better success.

On that evening, at 8 o'clock, the Governor despatched the steam ferry boat Ior, down to Bahia-Honda, to gain intelligence and return the same night. She however, did not get back until next morning, about seven or eight o'clock, without news, as it was reported in the official Gaceta, but as some of the passengers by the Cherokee say, with news that they were afraid to publish.

One report in Havana was, that General Lopez's forces had swelled to eleven hundred men, and that he had fought a battle with the Spanish forces at Bahia-Honda, in which eight hundred of the latter were killed and wounded! Another report reduces the number to from four to six hundred. Seventy-eight wounded had been brought in. This, and the fact that not a single prisoner of the invading forces had been taken, except some taken in the boats, would go to show that Lopez was victorious.

A Havana letter says, that the encounter between the expedition and the Spanish troops, took place on the morning of the 13th, at Las Posas, a small village about three miles from the coast, where the Americans had entrenched themselves during the night, and received large reinforcements of Creoles and others of the native population. The letter adds:

"In this engagement, the Spaniards were commanded by General Enna in person, who had his horse shot from under him: Col. Radal and seven officers, and about seventy-eight men were killed. So unerring and deadly was the fire of the brave liberators, that General Enna was three times repulsed with loss. At this moment the Lieutenant Governor of Meriel, Colonel Gurrea, came up, with about two hundred men more, when the Colonel received a shot through his leg, and his men such a check, that Gen Enna, (as he states in his official communication to the Captain General, dated half-past three o'clock on the 14th,) saw the useless ness of attempting anything further against the pirates without more artillery, as it would be only exposing his men to certain death, without any result; consequently he demanded further reinforcements. Accordingly two steamers, the Habanero and the Almendares left that day with more troops, to the number of fourteen hundred, so that according to their own account, with those who have been concentrating from the other districts, they have got upwards of 8,000 men including cavalry, and up till this moment they have only made three captives, who, as they say in the official bulletin, they instantly put to death. Two of these persons were sailors belonging to the steamer Pampero who, after landing Lopez, had gone into a tavern and got drunk; the other poor fellow was found in a hut, unable to move, from a fracture he received when landing.

"On the 15th, it was known that the liberators, who have been joined in large numbers by the people of the country, made a move in the direction of Diego de Nunez and Cabanas, with the intention of possessing themselves of the fort at the latter place, when unfortunately, some forty or fifty of them, who had, in the most daring manner, endeavoured to get there by sea in four launches, with the intention of taking the Spaniards in the fort by surprise, were themselves, after a most desperate resistance, captured by the Spanish Admiral, who, with his steamer, and an immense number of men, succeeded in taking them, after a fight of four hours. It is computed that there were no less than 329 soldiers and sailors engaged in the capture of these fifty Americans."

These poor fellows, as we learn from Purser Boyle, were brought to Havana by the Habanero on Saturday morning, the 16th instant, at 1 A. M., placed on board a Spanish frigate lying in port, and executed at 11 15 A. M., on the same morning. They were shot on the public road in Havana, and, at the least calculation, in the presence of twenty thousand spectators.

The following is a list of their names:

Col. W. S. Crittenden,
Capt. F. S. Sewer.
" Victor Kerr,
" T. B. Veacy,
Lieut. James Brendt,
" J. O. Bruce,
" Thos. C. James,
Doctor John Fisher,
" K. A. Tourniquet,
Sergt. J. Whiterews,
" A. M. Cotchett,
Agt. R. C. Stanford,
Private M. H. Homes,
" Samuel Mills,
" Edward Rulman,
" Geo. A. Arnold,
" B. J. Wregy,
" Wm. Niseman,
" Auselino Torres Hernandes,
" Patrick Dillon,
" Thomas Hearsy,
" Samuel Reed,
" H. T. Vinne,
" M. Phillips,

Private G. M. Green,
" J. Salmon,
" Napoleon Collins,
" N. H. Fisher,
" Wm. Chilling,
" G. A. Cook,
" S. O. Jones,
" M. H. Bail,
" James Buxet,
" Robert Caldwell,
" C. C. Wm. Smith,
" A. Ross,
" P. Brourke,
" John Christedes,
" Wm. B. Little,
" Robert Cantley,
" John G. Sanka,
" James Stanton,
" Thomas Harnott,
" Alex. Mellear,
" John Stubbs,
" James Ellis,
" Wm. Hogan,
" Chas. A. Robinson,
" James L. Menville

Total, ... 50.

After they were shot, they were dragged by the feet by negroes, and then left to the mob, who commenced stripping them of their clothes, and carrying them on sticks through the streets—yelling like so many wild demons just escaped from the bottomless pit, and trying to seek revenge on they knew not what.

Many of the passengers of the Cherokee who were on the spot of execution, were pointed at with a sneer of contempt, and others were stopped in the streets and insulted, the Spaniards telling them they were Americans, and that they were one and all of the same party and that one of these days they would be served the same way. At night it was dangerous for an American to be in the streets alone.

The steamship Falcon, while on her way up the coast of Cuba from Chagris, was fired at three times, by the war steamer Habanero, and was obliged to heave to, till boarded by the officers of the Habanero. After the Falcon stopped, the officers of the Habanero cheered as if they had gained a glorious victory. This is the third time the Falcon has been served the same trick. The U. S. sloop-of-war Albany was at Havana.

A passenger by the Cherokee furnishes us with this statement of the chase of the Falcon, &c.:

"On the 16th instant, as the United States mail steamer Falcon was proceeding on her voyage from Chagris to Havana, when off that part of the coast of Cuba known as the Bahia-Honda, at 10 A. M., we saw the smoke of a steamer close in shore, and shortly after she hove in in sight. We then saw she was a large frigate in chase of us. When first seen she was standing out from the land directly across our course, evidently intending to cut us off. We however, held our course, running only at our usual speed; soon left her eight or ten miles astern, notwithstanding she seemed to be doing her best. We at first took her for the Pizerro, but afterwards learned that she was the Isabella Catholice, formerly an English steam frigate—the Caledonia. After she had been in chase of of us for about an hour, we saw the smoke of another steamer on our starboard bow, close in shore hull down. She soon however, showed herself steering so as to head us off, in which, being a fast sailer, she succeeded. She fired two guns, shotted, to the leeward, to bring us to, as soon as she was within about four miles; but we took no notice of her until she ran down close aboard of us, and fired a third shot across our bows. Captain Rodgers had hoisted his colours before he saw her, and as soon as he perceived that the frigate was in chase—After the third shot the engine was run 'slow,' when she hove to, and hailed us to 'stop her,' which was then done. Soon as they saw that we had stopped, the officers of the Habanero took off their caps and waved them round their heads with a hurrah This was a decided insult. An officer then boarded us and demanded what ship we were, where from, where bound, and if we had any Spanish passengers, &c., &c., He was answered, and he said he must go on board his vessel and report. He was admonished to be in a hurry, as we were going ahead immediately. He lost no time in doing so, and then motioned us to go ahead. We proceeded on our course and arrived in Havana at 3 P. M., and soon learned that the Habanero had the night before brought into port fifty prisoners, taken in launches off the Bahia-Honda, and that they were all shot about 12 o'clock that day.

"The poor fellows died bravely, not a sign or murmur or degree of fear was betrayed by any of them.—They were led out ten at a time, and shot from behind. One fine looking fellow, who was the last shot, while kneeling awaiting his turn, calmly looked on his butchered companions, first directing his gaze on one side and then on the other, as though he was only a spectator instead of one of the victims, and then turned his head and looked his executioners in the face while they fired. He was shot six times before he fell. After the execution their bodies were thrown into hearses, by six or eight at a time, and taken away and buried. About 20,000 spectators were assembled to witness this horrid spectacle, many of whom were the negroes, slaves and free, who possessed themselves of the hats and boots, and portions of the clothing, and fixing them on stakes, marched through the streets, with curses upon the 'Filibusteros,' the 'pirates,' &c., &c., accompanied with '*vivas*' for the Queen and Captain General."

The *Prensa* of the 16th gives the Spanish version of the execution in this article, which is headed PIRATUS:

"The fifty prisoners of the Esperanza have been shot, at the brow of the Castle of Atares. The troops formed a square. They had on their war uniform—the *blusa* and straw hat. On the arrival of the troops, the cavalry and the civic guard, the multitude on foot and on horseback, placed on the heights, on the plain, on the sea, and a great distance upon the edifices of Jesus del Monte and el Corro, incessantly cheering the Queen and Spain—eternal idols of that army and of this people so much calumniated by the United States.

"Sr. Mayor de Plazo read the usual edict, and the criminals appeared by ten at a time; and, after being shot, were taken away from the place of execution, to make room for their companions! The first chief was shot alone, the two second chiefs were shot together—all in the midst of incessant cries in favour of the Queen and Spain.

"Justice being done, the Lieutenant, Rey, in a speech to the soldiers and the people, expressed himself in strong and worthy terms, saying that the punishment inflicted was merited by these men; who, without a God, without a law, without a flag, came in order to attack our nationality, our religion, our Queen, and all other objects dear to our hearts.

"The *vivas* to the Queen and to the country were repeated with more energy; the troops defiled, and the people went to the place of execution, where they looked for what the criminals had left.

"Ten funeral cars were waiting to convey to the cemetry the mortal remains of the fifty pirates. Those cars had been furnished by the funeral agencies, and were ornamented according to the circumstances of the tregedy.

"The justice of man is complete! God has pardoned the young culprits, who have lost their lives by having trusted their faith to the infamous falsehoods of the New Orleans papers."

It will be seen that nothing is said in this account of the horrible mutilation of the dead bodies described by the passengers of the Cherokee, and in the letters written by American residents of Havana. The official journals would not of course speak of that part of the proceedings.

INDIANA.—The State of Indiana in her new Constitution embraces the following articles in relation to the people of colour. Some comments on these by the editor of *The Tribune* have led to the rejoinder, in another column, by Dr. Smith of this city. If Mr. Greeley had no very decided wish before as regards the coloured people generally, we fancy he would have no difficulty now in coming to a decided conclusion as to what he would have done with Dr. Smith.

Sec. 1. No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution.

Sec. 2. All contracts made with any negro or mulatto coming into this State contrary to the foregoing section, shall be void; and all persons who shall employ, or otherwise encourage such negro or mulatto to remain in the State, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

Sec. 3 All fines which may be collected for a violation of the provisions of this article, or any law which may hereafter be passed for carrying the same into execution, shall be set apart and appropriated for the colonization of such negroes and mulattoes, and their descendants, as may be in the State at the adoption of this Constitution, and may be willing to emigrate.

Sec. 4. The General Assembly shall pass laws to carry out the provisions of this article.

THE BUFFALO SLAVE CASE.—We give on our first page the particulars of the trial of the slave Daniel, at Buffalo, and that of the ruffian who came so near murdering him. It is quite in accordance with the spirit of the Bloodhound Bill, which punishes with fine and imprisonment an act of mercy, that this brutal officer should be fined only fifty dollars who arrests an alleged fugitive by first almost killing him. It was reported that Daniel was detained in Buffalo by a writ of *habeas corpus*, but a later report is that he has been taken back to Kentucky by his master.

THE HUNT UP IN THIS CITY!

AN alleged fugitive slave now lies in prison in this city. He was arrested at Poughkeepsie, on Monday, where he has lived for several years, following his trade of a tailor, by the chief 'nigger-catcher' of the New York pack, a son of Marshal Talmadge, and brought to this city, probably because here the result of the case could be calculated with some certainty. On Tuesday, the prisoner, John Bolding, was taken before Commissioner Brigham, but the case was postponed to give a hearing to a writ of Habeas Corpus issued by Judge Barculo, of Poughkeepsie. There can be no decision before the issue of this number of our paper, but there is little doubt of the return of the man to Slavery.

[*For the Anti-Slavery Standard.*]

MR. EDITOR: On the 7th March, 1850, Daniel Webster offered to go in for the appropriation of Government Millions to remove the free blacks to Africa. Since then, 'follow master Greeley,' of the *Tribune*, has poured an incessant and ruffian volume of abuse upon the coloured Americans, because they do not pick up traps and carry out the will of the Expounder as rapidly

'As lightning does the will of God.'

Mr. Greeley has scented out every event that could be tortured into a Colonisation argument, and, with a flourish of whip that would do credit to a negro driver, has laid it on without stint, reason or mercy. To crown all, the other day he 'wanted to know' if we meant to fight.

On my sending him a calmly worded request to have privilege of reply, through his columns, he backed out in worse temper than Dr. Dewey did, and calls for a 'sane African,' and 'well bred' at that, to explain the Indiana vote. I trust Governor Roberts will take pity and send him one by the next Liberia Packet.

The enclosed letter, intended for the *Tribune*, is hardly worth insertion in your columns, as it can add naught to the settled convictions of your readers.

Respectfully yours, J. McC. S.

August 23d, 1851

AFRICAN COLONISATION—THE OTHER SIDE.

MR. EDITOR: One prominent fact in the History of Colonisation is, that the opposition to that scheme, on the part of the blacks, was spontaneous, decided and firm, from the very hour of its announcement in the newspapers. Meetings were held in Philadelphia in 1817, and in New York and all the free States shortly after, denouncing the scheme as unchristian and unjust. This was at least thirteen years before Garrison began the publication of *The Liberator*, nay, while you and he were yet children. 'Garrison's Thoughts on Colonisation' simply embodied the ideas long previously uttered by these meetings.

Next, a word about terms. You call us the 'African Race;' you might as well have called us 'Connecticut Irishmen.' Africa (see the Physical Geographies) is considerable of a peninsula, reaching nearly into three zones, and produces lions, hippopatami, and every variety of human kind, from milk white to jet black, the Caucasian, Mongolian and Negro type. It is a misnomer, then, not to say a slight upon rhinoceros white men and Moors, to style the small and poor specimen of Africa that has reached these shores 'The African race!'* Furthermore, what nation in Europe, having an offshoot in America, has not mingled its blood with the negro, thereby producing in our free blacks the most thoroughly mixed of the human species? And this mixture, indigenous to the American soil, is an American race if you will, but surely not the African. There is a child playing at my elbow, among whose forbears, some generations back, may be named Korymantse in Africa, Carib and Iroquois in America, Spanish, French and old Puritan in Europe; and this child has a white skin, grey eyes and flaxen hair. Will you brush up your Ethnography and tell me how and why this child is to be classed with the African race?

It is quite as easy to show that we do not come under the term 'free blacks,' for a downwright black man is getting scarce as Indians; nor 'coloured people,' for we have every variety of complexion; nor do we truthfully bear any name except that of 'Americans,' to the manor born.

Your views on Colonisation may be summed up in three propositions.

1. The Free Blacks in the United States are a degraded class, who cannot be raised to the political and social level of the whites while they remain in the United States.

(2. The Free Blacks ought to be elevated to a position equal to the whites; but as they cannot be raised to such equality in these United States, therefore,)

3. The Free Blacks ought to emigrate to Africa, where they can attain equality with the whites, and where, moreover, they may put an end to the Slave Trade (if they do not engage in it) and evangelise Africa.

This last proposition you piously support by the divinely directed exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, which, singularly enough, began by swindling the Egyptians, and ended in the divinely directed *extermination* of the Girgeshites, Ammonites, and other natural lords of the land of Promise. Deut. 7th ch. verse 1, et seq.

The second proposition you do not announce in so many words, but it is the logical necessity of your case, and is therefore introduced parenthetically as the minor of the syllogism.

That coloured men too generally seek employment as servants, and are too frequently content with it, is true. That they make the best and most desirable servants is also true, and proves that, however humble their calling, they fulfil it adequately. The position of servant, is not of necessity degrading; it is the simple fulfilment of one of the necessities of society; and please remember that, in the Phalanstery, as pictured in the *Tribune*, the lowest of these necessities required for its performance the *Sacred Band of Honourable Youth*. And the Divine authority of our Saviour has linked the highest human greatness with the meanest of human employments. The astute Henry James, speaking of his waiter (no doubt a free black), says: "He performs his function in a way so entirely *sui generis* * * * that he is no longer the menial, but my equal or superior, so that I have felt, when entertaining doctors of Divinity and law, and discoursing about Divine mysteries, that a living epistle was circulating behind our backs, and quietly ministering to our wants, far more apocalyptic to an enlightened eye than any yet contained in books.

"The reader may deem the illustration beneath the dignity of the subject ('*The Divine Man*'). The more the pity for him in that case, since it is evident that his eyes have been fixed upon the shows of things, rather than upon the enduring substance. It is not indeed a dignified thing to wait upon tables. There is no dignity in any labour which is constrained by one's necessities. But still no function exists so abject or servile as utterly to quench the Divine or personal element in it. It will make itself manifest in all of them, endowing them with an immortal grace, and redeeming the subject from the dominions of mere nature and custom."

When you attempt to brand degradation upon us because we are servants, you evidently have an eye to a class of people called *flunkeys*, who are to be sought for not among us, but in the land of your 'Scotch-Irish' ancestry, and their unmixed descendants in this free and happy land. Can you point out, on the part of us blacks, any act of flunkeyism which equals Millard Fillmore's proclamation touching the Fugitive Slave Law, or the abject servility with which the Editor of the *Tribune* thanked Congress for disposing of that infamous bill—by passing it?

Do tell me, of the black men who led the Boston mob, boot-blacks, white-washers, clothes cleaners, &c, on the one hand, and Millard Fillmore and the God-like on the other, who have the better claim to nobility in the eyes of God and men? Again, is there any thing manlier than the reply of that respectable coloured member of the Smith family, when he refused to *serve* Daniel Webster the recreant? Does the Scotch-Irish ancestry of the Greeleys boast of a servant who refused to serve a recreant for good wages? And, by the way, if you ran to, through, and away from, *your* fatherland almost between two days in such an ague of a hurry, why do you, in all fairness, insist on sending us blacks to what you call our fatherland for ever and a day?—And that fatherland of yours, by your own account, in much greater need of rudimentary civilization than all Africa. You might have stopped long enough to form a Society for the maintenance of clean feet, if your conscience is a little to the contrary notwithstanding.

But, to our mutton. If hiring out to service, for high wages—say $25,000 or $20,000, or even $4,000 per year, with pickings and presents—degrades white men, it does not follow that hiring out for low wages must degrade black men: so far from degrading, it kindles in these latter, very often, aspirations after higher employment for themselves and their children; of my own acquaintance, there are hundreds of this class now doing yeoman's duty in California, in order to support and educate their children at home. And these men are living and striving, eating and drinking, on equal terms, share and share alike with their white fellow citizens.

Before pronouncing so positively on our degradation, you should, with a wise philosophy, hide a while. Five-sixths of the coloured people in the Free States were at one time slaves themselves, or are the offspring of slaves. And more than this, we have been but a race of boys contending against a race of men, or rather the races of men. So far, our physical has been battling with your intellectual power. Quetelet, the great writer on Vital Statistics, has shown that the physical power of men is at maximum at 25 years old; the intellectual power begins at 35 years to enjoy a maximum, which extends through ten years thereafter. Cast your eye over the Census Tables and you will see that the relative proportion of blacks is immensely diminished before we reach the intellectual maximum of 35 years; I mean relatively to the whites. Slavery explains this. Thank God, we are gradually growing older, as a mass. Mr. Milman, with a more philosophic caution, gives us blacks to the end of this century before we can be relatively judged in the matter of intellect.

When you assert that the blacks cannot be elevated in these United States, you manifest either a heetle-headed ignorance or a voluntary blindness. In the *Tribune* of Feb. 24th, '51, you say: "There are no laws in Massachusetts, Vermont or New Hampshire, and we believe none in Maine, which inflict political or social disabilities on the African Race as such, and yet their condition in these States is a very inferior and disagreeable one. No coloured man is admitted into general society or elevated into any honourable office in either of those States, and none is likely to be. * * * New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Michigan [I am credibly informed that one thousand dollars could have bought equal suffrage in Michigan, the other day], Illinois, &c. are among the States which, in revising their fundamental law, have either retained the old clauses denying equal rights to negroes, or substituted therefor others still more oppressive. * * In our own State, a most earnest* struggle was made to secure equal rights regardless of colour in our new constitution, but that effort was defeated by a vast majority of the People."

The falsehood underlying the above is this: you represent the antipathy of the masses to have wrought these political oppressions, when you know full well that it was the wire pulling of the political foxes on the one side, and the faltering of political cravens on the other, which did the damning deed. Had the blacks, in our State, been as faithful to the Democrats as they have, unfortunately, been faithful to the Whigs, equal suffrage would have carried the day in 1846. It is a crime, before God, for you to charge upon his creatures when free an obloquy which you knew to have arisen from machinations growing out of, and based upon, the condition of others of his creatures who are slaves.

Even so, your statements are not true. Wisconsin, by a vote of the People, has granted equal suffrage, regardless of colour; Ohio has abolished her Black Laws; which are advances in a political view. Massachusetts has abolished her law prohibiting intermarriages between whites and blacks; and no new State, nor fundamental law-altering State, not even Indiana, which so sadly needs constitutional tinkering, has passed any such law. And such a law is the only test of that radical social hatred which you are so anxious to prove as existing among whites against blacks.

In Massachusetts there are two black men who are Justices of the Peace; in Massachusetts generally, the hotels, the railway cars, the theatres, restaurants, and many polished and intellectual circles, are equally open to whites and blacks. So true is this, that some coloured New Yorkers, who recently attended a celebration in Boston, came back half horrified at having witnessed, in that city, black gentlemen and white ladies, and vice versa, leading off in a promenade concert. Three black captains and any number of mates command whaling vessels sailing from that State; in which, also, the chief office among the Sons of Temperance was recently held by a black man; and at a recent grand celebration of the Order, attended by delegates from nearly all the States, only one delegation backed out of the procession, and this not for their own prejudices, but lest they should be blamed when they went home to Baltimore, I believe.

So you see that political equality is leading to social equality in the old Bay State; and the next time you happen down East, don't go bat-like prowling among the low, the ignorant, and the degraded, whether black or white; seek intelligent and polished circles, go to respectable hotels and restaurants, and then you will be able to judge whether it is 'natural or desirable for blacks and whites to be mingled in the same community.'

And I happen to know that downright practical amalgamation, the marriage of white women to coloured men is increasing in a rapid ratio in this good city of Gotham. Yellow babies are carried about by black mothers in South Carolina and States of that ilk, and by their white mothers] in New York and its adjacencies; but with this difference, the former are not married, the latter are married, so that the moral and social balance is in favour of the amalgamation under the auspices of Freedom: indeed the platform on which whites and blacks meet, coalesce and amalgamate in these northern States, is ever a high moral platform; hireling Priests who sanction the Compromises, and ruffian Editors, who fiendishly stir up a dying hate, and in the name of Equal Right, Amen! build up the broken walls of caste, 'to the contrary notwithstanding.'

From these, and a thousand kindred facts, we blacks know that our degradation is passing away in this the land of our birth. It took us two hundred years of servitude on this continent to win a reluctant admission to the lowest rank of the human species: forty years ago, when the Rev. Peter Williams wrote a pamphlet on the abolition of the Slave Trade, it required the certificate of Bishop Moore to be appended thereto, that the world might believe that it was written by a coloured man. To-day, what feat is there in Art or Arms, in Oratory or Mathematics, that you would hazard your reputation by denying that it could be done by a black man? Nay, you yield them the palm when you affirm that they can do what whites, in nations, have failed to accomplish; abolish the Slave Trade and Evangelize Africa. For the present, we are willing to enjoy the fame of being able to do those mighty deeds; there is enough work, and, as I shall show, manly, liberty loving work, for us to do here at home—our home, richly ours by toil and tears and blood. This

"Broad fair Empire State with State"

has ample room and verge enough for the exercise of our faculties, for at least a century to come: by which time, if Harry Clay be a prophet, there will exist, an unpleasant homogeneity of complexion in the stead of that agreeable diversity from milk white to pure black which makes the American people something like certain tribes in the interior of Africa—a variegated people.

We blacks are not yet done grinning at your asking us yesterday, if we really mean to *fight* rather than go to Africa and be baked. Why, man, we do nothing else but fight all our days in this land, and if you can point out any new thing for us to do, rather than go to Africa, we will do that also.

So much for our degradation. In the next and last communication, I will say something about our views of *duty* in the matter of expatriation; and if you will be kind enough to lend me a copy of your 'Hints towards Reforms' I will strive to season the affair with a little wholesome philosophy.

JAMES MCCUNE SMITH.

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* This confusion of terms leads to curious results: some ten years ago, the Board of Trustees voted to exclude from the Prot. Episcopal Theological Seminary a talented and pious young man, because he was a descendant of Africa. The cream of the thing was, that the youth was a cross between a Malay and a North American Indian, while one of the Trustees rejoiced in being the descendant of an Algerine Moor!

* In 1846, when a committee of black men called on you for aid and counsel in behalf of equal franchise, you said no funds could be given by your party to aid them. When a black man called on you for funds to aid the Whig ticket in 1850, did you give him fifty dollars or did you not, and which time were you in earnest?

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. LXXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Dead Season and the Philosophy thereof—An Illustrious Example—The Correspondent neologizeth—Discourseth of Thunder—And shrinketh from an apparition of his own evoking—The Dead Time Resuscitating—Galvanized Democracy—Vital Statistics—The Worcester Convention—The Correspondent divideth and describeth the Massachusetts Democracy—National and State Affinities—Numbers versus Discipline—The Committee—A liberal minority—Pursuit of Unanimity under Difficulties—A disagreeable result—Sop and Storm—Nice Piloting—The Real object—How it was done—A curious mistake—Accidents in well regulated families—The minority triumphant—Wisdom justified of her children, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, AUG. 25, 1851.

As the summer wears away the "dead time" passes away with it. The "dead time" of editors and newspaper correspondents being precisely that when Nature is all alive in all her works. Indeed, if it were not for this "dead time of year," when legislators and conjurors, politicians and playactors, Judges and rope-dancers, theologians and comic singers, revivalists and opera dancers, all in short who furnish entertainment for the rest of the world for the rest of the year, go into "retiracy" for a while to recruit for the next season, there would be before many years an end of those diverting races. They would become extinct animals, and we should have only their fossil remains to philosophize over. Has not even the Atlas who sustains our sinking world upon his shoulders, and who holds together these centrifugizing States in his compegineting arms, fled from the Halls of Council to the woods and the seaside, and exchanged the salvation of the Union for the destruction of woodcock, cod and trout? How he can answer it to his conscience thus to leave the Union to itself (were it not a personal affront to mention the word 'conscience,' in his presence) I am quite unable to say. Suppose he should wake some fine morning and find that it had all gone to thunder? To *his* thunder which he fasciolated together in the Proviso which Mr. Wilmot stole from him while he slept? I say only suppose it! But the supposition is painful to be endured. Let us call another cause. As the French say, "revenons a nos moutons!" Let us go back to our muttons again.

When I was betrayed into this episodic enthusiasm by the great Idea of the Saviour of his country, and which has extorted from me, so strong was the divine *afflatus*, at least three contributions to the vocabulary of the English language, which broke down in the attempt to carry me safe through what I had ventured upon, I was speaking of the dead time of the year. I am happy to say that there are signs of resuscitation, if not of resurrection. That politics and politicians are not dead, but have been sleeping only. The body politic is not paralytic, it is lethargic only. We shall yet have governors and little great men in the States, and, bye-and-bye, Presidents and big great men at Washington. The first symptoms of returning animation in these parts were presented by the Democratic party at Worcester, last Wednesday, where it had convulsive twitchings and contortions, hopefully indicative that the vital spark was not wholly extinct. It had been looked upon as dead to all intents and purposes for years in this State, but was recalled to a partial vitality by the galvanic battery of Coalition, which was applied to it last year and set it up again on its tottering old legs. Its restoration, however, was not regarded as complete, but only as a temporary patching up; so that this Convention has been looked forward to with considerable interest by those curious in vital Statistics as likely to determine the question of its sudden demise or its taking a new lease of life for a year, if the Free Soil party will become security for the rent.

For some time previous to the Convention, the party Organs had been pealing their various notes, according to their respective lookings towards the crumbs which fall from the table of Massachusetts, or towards the still fatter pickings and stealings which may be looked for in the neighbourhood of the national crib. The Democratic party in this State may be divided into two portions, the Boston and the Country factions. The first is composed of those pure and exalted patriots who keep their gaze fixed with a single eye upon the duties arising from their relation to the National Government; or, perhaps it would be more proper to say, upon *the collection* of the duties, to say nothing of the postages. They look with contempt upon the peltry ambitions which are content with State Senatorships and Town Representativeships. These virtues stand to them but in the proportion of Five Thousand dollars to Five Hundred, or even less, and what true lover of his country could hesitate which of the two to choose? These eminent patriots, such as Mr. Greene of the *Post*, Mr. Commissioner Hallet, General Cushing & Co., have been frowning for some weeks past with all the superciliary machinery they could bring into action upon the Country wing of the party, who think no small beer of the State offices and are content to enter into an alliance with the Free Soilers for the purpose of a fair scramble for the provincial loaves and fishes. The *Post* has teemed with articles from which you would infer that the Coalescing Democrats out-Garrisoned Garrison in the ferocity of their hatred to our glorious Union. The result was the largest Democratic Convention ever held in the State.

On Wednesday last nearly twelve hundred of the Unterrified assembled at Worcester to settle this great question as best they might. It soon appeared that the Compromise Democrats were the fewest in number, but by far the best officered. They were loud and insolent and threatened to split the party in twain unless the Convention accepted the Compromise Measures as a Unit and swallowed them without making a wry face. A Committee was raised, *de medietale*, half and half, which, considering that the party proposing it was not much more than a quarter of the Convention, was certainly a liberal proposition on their part. A very fair Compromise, as Compromises go in the Compromising days. The business of this Committee was to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, which, it must be owned, was rather a hard task, considering that the members were vitally, or mortally, diverse in opinion on the main subjects to be decided by the Convention. It was not surprising, therefore, that the Committee reported an inability to agree, for all the world like a Rescue Jury. And there was a time when it did seem as if the Democracy of Massachusetts had come "plump on a rock," like poor Robinson Crusoe, which would make shipwreck of that unlucky craft. But, luckily, there are never wanting pilots to weather any sort of political storm, and so it happened in this case. When the Hunker minority saw that it was of no use to try to carry their measures by storm, they wisely tried to do it by sapping and mining. And in this they virtually succeeded.

The real object of the persistency of the Hunkers was not so much the Salvation of the Union, by the indorsement of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster, as to secure the appointment of delegates of their own choosing to the Baltimore Convention. This they managed to do by riding the whirlwind they had saddled and bridled and directing the storm they had raised. So in the height of the turmoil the Hunker leaders announced that the Committee had at that last desperate moment agreed upon some resolutions in which all might unite. And, by way of showing it, Mr. Hallet proceeded to read the most offensive of the original series, which the minority of the Committee had thrown out. The "dauntless three," however, successively denied that they had ever agreed to any such thing. Upon which Mr. Hallet discovered that it was a mistake, and that he had got hold of the wrong resolution by accident! Of course, everybody believed him; for it is well known that accidents will happen in even the best regulated political families. The series that had really been agreed upon was then read, in which there was no approbation expressed of the Compromise, but only a submission while it lasted. Bad enough, to be sure; but not worse, I am afraid, than the Free Soilers will do when they meet next month. There were attempts made to amend and substitute; but the entirety of the Compromise was insisted on and the Convention was required to open their mouths and shut their eyes and gulp it down. The philosophy of which treatment was that the names of Mr. Greene and of Mr. Isaac Davis of Worcester were contained in one of them, as the Delegates to Baltimore, and were thus elected in the lump of resolutions, when neither could have had much more than a quarter of the votes by ballot. So you see the minority triumphed, as it should do in all democratic parties and countries, and the children of this world were wise in their generation as of old time. The Whigs will next appear on the Stage, of which more anon.—D. Y.

MARRIAGES.

CHAPLIN—GILBERT.—On the afternoon of August 12, at Glen Haven Water Cure, by themselves, William L. Chaplin to Miss Theodocia Gilbert, of that establishment.

DEATHS.

MOTT.—On 1st Day morning, 17th instant, at Manhasset, Long Island, Henry Mott, in the 70th year of his age.

THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL

ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, MASS., DURING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1851.

IN ADDRESSING the Friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause at the present time, and in once more seeking their aid and co-operation, the Bazaar Committee feel more deeply than ever before not only the necessity for such aid and co-operation, but an entire assurance that no representations nor arguments are needed on their part to secure both in a fuller measure than on any previous occasion.

The crime that has recently been perpetrated in our midst in the re-enslavement of an innocent man, effected as it has been by the help, connivance and sympathy of the magistrates, merchants and churches of Boston, exhibits a state of things which must supply to every heroic and conscientious person such motives for exertion as no word, however eloquent, could furnish.

Indeed, all human language seems inadequate to depict the condition of a nation such as ours. Only in the language of prophets and apostles can its guilt be made truly to appear. The fearful descriptions of apostate Israel, making 'many prayers' with hands 'full of blood,' seeking how best to unite robbery and burnt offering, may be, without fanaticism or exaggeration, strictly applied to this community and the nation of which it makes a part. Can we arrive at a more charitable judgment, when remembering that three millions of men and women, as good in the sight of God as their enslavers, their improvement, happiness and salvation as dear in His sight, are held as goods and chattels by a people professing not a mere nominal and historical Christianity, but holding, by an immense majority, to those tenets which claim and maintain the title of evangelical? It is the guilt and shame of this nation not only that it is a slaveholding one, but that at the same time it claims as its own the names Republican and Christian. The life-long misery of millions of slaves is not her chief condemnation. It is, that the light within her having become darkness, she is in reality the ally and supporter of every form of oppression, despotism and heathenism the world over. The fact that great material prosperity exists through our whole country, and that amid a large minority the fruits of virtue and morality abound, does not invalidate this statement. We may better learn from the teachings of past History how a people corrupt as powerful effects the world's destinies than from the narrow field of mere personal experience.

In view of truths like these, we would trust that with ourselves and all co-operating with us, the spirit of labor and self-sacrifice may be increased ten-fold, so that the success of this special effort may prove in some degree commensurate with the increased perils and responsibilities of our position.

Should this appeal meet the eyes of any hitherto indifferent or opposed to Anti-Slavery principles, to such we would say, 'The Abolition of Slavery is as truly your duty as ours. If you have never felt the claims of humanity before, respond to them now. In the belief which we entertain and the action flowing therefrom, we appeal for our justification to the teachings of the New Testament, to the recorded testimony of all by-gone ages as to the value of freedom and the villeny of Slavery, and finally to the secret consciousness of every human heart. You *know* that you would spurn and reject Slavery for yourself or those dear to you.—Do you not blush, then, if money or ambition, or high standing in a pro-slavery and by consequence an apostate church, shall have hitherto led you to actively aid or ignore the enslavement of others?

We turn with undoubting confidence to those friends in Europe, who have sympathized so truly with us, and have in so unwearied a manner shown their faith by their works. We are laboring for the destruction of a system which is the enemy of human nature everywhere, the opponent of civilization, the foe of all just government, the corrupter and uprooter of Christianity in every nation where it exists. Under these circumstances, we feel at liberty to ask the aid of all of every clime, race or creed, to whom justice, humanity and freedom are words dear and sacred. We rejoice to recognize a spirit higher and holier than any feeling of nationality, uniting all who labor together from unselfish motives for the promotion of an object noble and heroic as ours—the abolition of the vilest system of Slavery the sun ever saw, by the entire and uncompromising utterance of *the truth* alone.

ANNE WARREN WESTON,
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
SARAH R. MAY,
CATHARINE SARGENT,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
HANNAH TUFTS,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
THANKFUL SOUTHWICK,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
MARY H. JACKSON,
ELIZABETH GAY,
CHARLOTTE S. SARGENT,
LOUISA LORING,
SARAH S. RUSSELL,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
CAROLINE WESTON,
SARAH B. SHAW,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
MARY WILLEY,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA PARKER,
MARIA LOWELL,
ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZABETH A. COTTON.

Boston, May 21, 1851.

BARNSTABLE COUNTY CONVENTION.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION for Barnstable County will be holden in Harwich, commencing on Friday, Aug. 29, and continuing on Saturday and Sunday, 30th and 31st. We hope to see a large delegation, from the several towns on the Cape, present with us at that time. Let us not be found wanting in the good and noble struggle for Freedom, Justice, Truth, and Good Will among men. Let Barnstable county redeem itself from all suspicion of pro slavery and time-serving. Come one, come all.

Particulars as to speakers, place, &c., will be given in future papers.

JOSHUA H. ROBBINS,
GILBERT SMITH,
NATHANIEL ROBBINS,
ZEBINA H. SMALL,
ISAAC MAYO,
VARANUS NICKERSON,
Committee of Arrangements.

Poetry.

TO THE VIOLET.

MEEK little messenger, dell-born and lowly,
Upspringing in the sylvan solitude,
Sweetly thou breathest thy heart's incense holy
Upon the breeze that floateth through the wood,
And wooest to thy haunts the gentle and the good!

From thy mute lips an eloquence comes pleading,
And from thy veiled eye a holy light;
And those who, in the book of Nature reading,
And listening to her voice, can learn aright,
Receive from thy instructions calm and pure delight.

To me thou art a blest, etherial spirit,
Wind-wafted from the sapphire fields above,
To teach how great the blessings we inherit,
And the Creator's deep, unbounded love,
For everything His bounteous hand has formed, to prove!

How oft, when I have wandered forth in sadness,
Longing within the grave's damp halls to lie,
And feeling that the Earth had lost its gladness,
The light of *thee* hath bid my fancies fly,
And lit again with tranquil joy my tearful eye!

And when at last I pass from Earth forever,
When unto me the sun of life is set,
Then may the friends who will forget me never,
And who my loss with burning tears regret,
Plant *thee* upon my grass-grown grave, *sweet Violet!*

Danvers, May 23d, 1851. LUCY ——.

Miscellany.

ADDRESS OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER, ON TAKING THE CHAIR AT THE PEACE CONGRESS, HELD LAST MONTH IN EXETER HALL, LONDON.

I should have shrunk from occupying the chair in which your kindness has placed me, were I required to address to you any formal and lengthened argument in favour of the grand object which the Congress of Peace has been organized to accomplish. I shall consider this part of my duty discharged by a brief reference to the nature and the justice of the cause which we are this day met to plead. The principle for which we claim your sympathy and ask your support is, that war undertaken to settle the differences between nations is the relic of a barbarous age, equally condemned by religion, by reason, and by justice. The question, "What is war?" has been more frequently asked than answered; and I hope that there may be in this assembly some eloquent individual who has seen it in its realities, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, know it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and the ballads which celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of glory without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have worshipped the demi-god in the Temple of Fame, in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes by which he climbed his steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have seen it in its ravages and in its results, in the green mound which marks the recent battle field, in the shattered forest, in the razed and desolate village, and, perchance, in the widows and the orphans which it made! And yet this is but the memory of war—the faint shadow of its dread realities—the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunders. I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field, to the death-struggles between men who are husbands and fathers, to the horrors of the siege and the sack, to the deeds of rapine and violence and murder in which neither age nor sex is spared. In acts like these the soldier is converted into a fiend, and his humanity even disappears under the ferocious mask of the demon or the brute. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable, than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still, that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly 2,000 years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures themselves. When the pillar of fire conducted the Israelites to their promised home, the Divine Leader no more justified war than he justified murder by giving skill to the artist who forges the stiletto or nerve to the arm that wields it. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the prunning hook. I am ashamed in a Christian community to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to man, who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us; he who counsels us to hold up the left cheek when the right is smitten, will never acknowledge us as disciples, or admit into his immortal family the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the bloodhounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations. I see in the list of our members the venerable name of the Archbishop of Paris, who but for ill-health would have presided over the Congress in 1849. I trust there are many bishops of our National Church who, like their Catholic brother, are intolerant of war, and who are ready to give their sanction and support to the cause of peace. I have seen a bishop, and some of you may have personally known him, who characterizes war by a sentiment which might well be inscribed upon our banner—a sentiment powerful from its arithmetical logic, and more powerful still from its brevity and truth. "One murder makes a villain, millions a hero." Had Bishop Porteus been alive, he doubtless would have presided in his own diocese over a congress of peace. When Revelation is discredited, or its decision questioned, Reason is summoned as the arbiter; and Reason has been appealed to by the friends of war. To its deliberate verdict we shall cheerfully yield. If Reason is not for us, Revelation is against us. War is by its friends deemed a condition of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been part of the Divine government for 6,000 years, and it will therefore continue till that government has ceased. It is, consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt to subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen nature. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary condition of his humanity, and is for ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetrated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient times, the Gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped. Like war, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of advancing civilization. The game of credulity, the condition of early science, and the sphere of the magician, the conjuror, and the alchemist, has, like that of superstition, been played, and the truths which once administered to imposture, have become the sources of wealth and the means of happiness. The game of ignorance also has been played, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his armour to replace it with knowledge and virtue. The game of Slavery, too, has nearly been played,—that monstrous condition of humanity which statesmen still living hold to be inseparable from social life, and which men still called Christians defended from Scripture. The game of duelling—the game of personal war, in which false honour and morbid feeling made their appeal to arms, and which was not only defended but practised by Christians—has likewise been played; and even the soldier, who was supposed to have a prescriptive title to its use, has willingly surrendered his right of homicide and manslaughter. The game of revolution and of despotism which is now playing before our eyes will, in its turn, be played, and with it the game of war will terminate. Is it Utopian, then, to attempt to put an end to war? If personal and local feuds have been made amenable to law—if the border wars of once hostile kingdoms have been abolished by their union—if nations have successfully combined to maintain the balance of European power by their armies—if in our own day an Alliance called Holy has been organized to put down revolution in individual States, and maintain the principle of order—why might not the same great power again combine to enforce peace as well as order, and to chastise the first audacious nation that ventured to disturb the tranquility of Europe? The principle of this Congress to settle national disputes by arbitration has, to a certain extent, been adopted by existing Powers, both monarchical and republican; and it is surely neither chimerical nor officious to make such a system universal among the very nations that have themselves partially adopted it. If these views have reason and justice on their side, their final triumph cannot be distant. The cause of peace has made, and is making, rapid progress. The most distinguished men of all nations are lending it their aid. The illustrious Humboldt, the chief of the Republic of letters, whom I am proud to call my friend, has addressed to the Congress of Frankfort a letter of sympathy and adhesion. He tells us that our Institution is a step in the life of nations, and that, under the protection of a superior power, it will, at length, find its consummation. He recalls to us the noble expression of a statesman long departed, "that the idea of humanity is becoming more and more prominent, and is everywhere proclaiming its animating power." Other glorious names sanction our cause. Several French statesmen, and many of the most distinguished members of the Institute, have joined our Alliance. The Catholic and the Protestant clergy of Paris are animated in the sacred cause, and the most illustrious of its poets have brought to us the willing tribute of their genius. Since I entered the assembly I have received from France an olive-branch, the symbol of peace, with a request that I should wear it on this occasion. It has lost, unfortunately, its perishable verdure, an indication, I trust, of its perennial existence. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support, and in America, every man that thinks is a friend of universal peace. In pleading for a cause in which every rank of citizens has a greater or a less interest, I would fain bespeak the support of a class who have the deepest stake in the prosperity of the country, and in the permanence of its institutions. The holders of the nation's wealth, whether it is invested in trade or in land, have a peculiar interest in the question of peace. Upon them war makes its first and its heaviest demand, and upon them, too, war in its reverse makes its first appropriating inroad. In our insular stronghold we have ever felt secure from foreign aggression; but when alarmists are raising the cry of insecurity on our shores, they proclaim the insecurity of property by their very arrangements to defend it. In the reign of peace, wealth will flow into new channels, and science will guide the plough in its fructifying path; and having nothing to fear from foreign invasion, or internal discontent, we shall sit under our vine and our fig-tree, to use the gifts and enjoy the life which Providence has given—to discharge the duties which these blessings impose, and prepare for that higher life to which duty discharged in the safest passport. But it is not merely to property that our principles will bring security and melioration. With war, will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. The talent and skill which have been squandered on the works and on the instruments of destruction will be directed into nobler channels. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind. The minister, who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crumbs which fall from the niggardly board, will then open the nation's purse to advance the nation's glory; and the decorations which now justly shine on the breast of the warrior, and those which hide themselves for shame under the drapery of the party adherent, will fall to the lot of the sage who enlightens, and that of the patriot who serves, his country. Science will no longer bend a suppliant at the foot of power, and the intriguer will no longer dare to approach it. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through a wider range, and religion, within its own hallowed sphere, will pursue its labours of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed Master. If we have not yet reached this epoch of peace and happiness, we are doubtless rapidly nearing it; and among the surest harbingers of its approach is the Exhibition of the World's Industry, and the reunion of the world's genius, which now adorn and honour our Metropolis. As one of its daily visiters since it was first opened by our beloved Queen, I may be permitted to call your especial attention to it as the first Temple of Peace that modern hands have reared. You have, doubtless, all seen its magnificent exterior and its internal splendour—its lofty transept raising its glittering roof to the skies—its lengthy nave vanishing in distance and misty perspective—its countless avenues and aisles—its iron corridors—its crystal labyrinths. On the outline of its walls, and from its balconies within, wave the banners of nations—those bl[illegible] symbols of war under which our fathers, and even our brothers, have fought and bled. They are now the symbols of peace. Woven and reared by the Hands of Industry, they hang in unruffled unity, untorn by violence and unstained with blood, the emblems, indeed, of strife, but of that noble strife in which nations shall contend for victory in the fields of science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the arts of life. The trophies of such conquests, and the triumphs of such arts are displayed within. Who can describe them without "thoughts that breathe and words that burn?" There are the materials gathered from the surface, or torn from the bowels of our planet, the products of primeval creation, or annual growth,—the gift of God to man; the elements of civilization, from which his genius is to elaborate those combinations of science and of art, which administer to the comforts of life and the grandeur of nations. There are the instruments to grasp with the eye the infinitely great, to measure space and time—to charm, to cure, and to kill. These mechanisms, which have made man a tyrant over matter, cutting, and twisting, and tearing, and moulding its hardest as well as its tenderest elements; which break and pulverize the dust of the earth; which lift up its heaviest and most solid strata; which spans its rivers and its valleys; which light up our rugged shores; which transport the riches of our commerce across the deep; and which hurry us as on wings of iron, beating the eagle in its flight, and mimicking the lightning in its speed. Yonder are the fabrics which clothe the peasant and the prince, which deck the cottage and glitter in the palace—the jewels which hang on the neck of beauty and which play a part in the pomp of kings—the cup of clay which the husbandman dips into the crystal well, and the goblet of silver and of gold from which the more favoured of our race quaff the nectar of the gods. And, finally, as if to chide the vanity of the riches that perish, and chasten the extravgance that lives but for the present, we see commingled with the bubbles of wealth and luxury, with what the moth and the rust corrupt, those divine models which record in marble or in bronze the deeds of heroism that time has spared, the glorious names which the past has transmitted to the future, the forms divine of the sage that has instructed and the patriot that has saved his country. Amid these proud efforts of living genius, these brilliant fabrics, these wondrous mechanisms, we meet the sage, the artist of every clime and of every faith, studying the productions of each other's country, admitting each other's genius, and learning the lessons of love and charity which a community of race and of destiny cannot fail to teach. The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment,—"Dissociata in locis concordi Pace ligavi." (What space has separated I have united in harmonious peace.) This is to be our motto, and to realise it is to be our work. It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labours, if they shall effect among nations what they have already done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. The annual meetings of the scientific men of all nations have already taught us that personal communication and the interchange of social kindness revive our better feelings and soften the asperities of rival and conflicting interests. Nations are composed of individuals, and that kindness and humanity which adorn the single heart, cannot be real, if they disappear in the united sentiments of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchanges of professional knowledge, will recognise any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men that have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on mere inventions, will ever again concur in referring questions of national honour to the arbitrament of the sword. If in the material works the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened and even tamed down when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe,—may we not expect in the world of reason and of faith, that men severed by national and personal enmities—who have been toiling under the same impulse and acting for the same end—who are standing in the porch of the same Hall of Judgment, and panting for the same eternal home,—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or to throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war? [This masterly address was listened to with the profoundest attention, and was concluded amidst the cordial cheers of the assembly.]

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

IN the year 1807, five years after the establishment of *The Edinburgh Review*, John Murray, subsequently the famed bookseller of Albemarle street, was beginning to make himself known as a publisher of enterprise and spirit. He was one of those businesses, formerly common in London, which had descended from father to son for more than a century; and its present possessor brought to it the mixture of caution and daring which is essential to great success as a publisher. He had already been attracted to the new and striking revival of literature north of the Tweed, and, with characteristic boldness, had sought and obtained a share in the copyright of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. Now, it so happened that Marmion had been somewhat cavalierly criticised by Jeffrey in the pages of *The Edinburgh*, and, in these cases, publishers are perhaps to the full as sensitive as poets. Murray, moreover, was a Tory, and saw with dismay the talent and information of *The Edinburgh* carrying Liberal doctrines into houses whence they would have been for ever rigidly excluded, had they come in any other company than that of lively and instructive criticism on the whole field of contemporary literature. Could nothing be done to counteract it? Why not start in London another review, conducted on solid Tory principles, and with literature equal to that of *The Edinburgh?* The ministry was a Tory one, and, in presence of the formidable attacks of *The Edinburgh*, would repay support by valuable political information. Then as to literature, the wits of *The Anti-Jacobin* still survived; the chief of them, Canning, was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and its editor, Gifford, was wasting himself on the elder dramatists. Scholarship and science could be furnished in any quantity by the Universities. Sir Walter himself, the aggrieved author of Marmion, was a stern Tory, and would surely lend his aid. Southey had given up the republican dreams of early youth, and he, of all men, might be supposed to bear a grudge against the *Edinburgh*, which had so mauled himself and his friends. The project was a smiling one, and not to be slept upon. In the year 1807, Murray wrote a letter to Canning, breaking the matter, and requesting his patronage. The letter is supposed to have received no answer at the time, but the scheme was not overlooked by the keen statesman. Next year, Murray paid a visit to Scotland to confer with Sir Walter respecting future works, but, above all, to consult him about the new Review. The sagacious Scott jumped at the proposal; wrote to every London friend who could possibly co-operate; put the Lord Advocate and Canning in communication on the subject, and pressed the acceptance of the Editorship upon Gifford. The quick ears of Jeffrey caught a rumor of what was going forward, and he hastened to offer terms, promising that no more party politics should appear in *The Edinburgh*. But it was too late. Jeffrey's very alarm strengthed the hopes of the projectors, and, on the 1st of February, 1809, appeared the opening number of *The Quarterly Review*.

William Gifford, the first editor of *The Quarterly*, a post which he retained till within a year of his death, in 1826, was a "little dumpled up man," who, from being a provincial shoemaker, had worked and lashed his way (with the help of lucky stars) to be the critic-king of London literature. He had edited *The Anti-Jacobin*, translated *Juvenal* (a most congenial occupation), swept into the tomb the whole race of Della Cruscans, by his satire *The Baviad and Mæviad*, and was expending on new editions of the elder dramatists the mingled research and acrimony which in other times would have made him terrible among commentators on the classics. His chief contributors, at starting, were Southey, Sir Walter Scott (both of whom had articles in the first number), Geo. Ellis, of "Specimens" notoriety, William Rose, the translator of *Ariosto*, Matthias, of *The Pursuits of Literature*, the good Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and to them were gradually added, among many others, Sir John Barrow, who had been with Lord Macartney to China, and John Wilson Crocker, both of them, at some period, Secretaries to the Admiralty. There is one thing that deserves to be noted in the connexion of some of these persons with *The Quarterly*—namely, its persistency. Southey and Scott, who wrote in its first number, continued writing in it till within a year or two of their deaths—Scott's last article appearing in 1828, and Southey's in 1838. Sir John Barrow himself assures us that he wrote 200 articles, and one of the last of them, not many years ago, on "Life Assurance," is familiar to many of our readers. Another thing worth pointing attention to, is the extreme versatility of the writers. Take, for instance, Southey and Sir John Barrow. It would be difficult to say on what subject these two worthies have *not* written in *The Quarterly*: politics, history, biography, travels, geography, and general literature, every topic came commended to their ready pens. Reginald Heber stuck pretty closely to poetry, and most of the reviews of Byron's works, for instance, are from his hand—impartial reviews—although Murray published both The Quarterly and Byron. His lordship, by the way, made great use of Gifford as a polisher of his works, and it is amusing to see the deference paid in the noble poet's correspondence to the "little dumpled up man." Few men have had a greater fear of critics and criticism than Byron.

The success of *The Quarterly* was, of course, considerable, but was due more to its championship of Toryism and orthodoxy than to its writing, which, however solid and respectable, fell far short of the vivacity of *The Edinburgh*, under so quick and sparkling an editor as Jeffrey. Of the earliest contributors to *The Edinburgh*, the essays of three have been republished in a collective form—Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Mackintosh; while, of the earliest contributors to *The Quarterly*, only one, Southey, has enjoyed a similar honour; and, in his case, a very sparse and careful selection was made. Yet, in those two little volumes of Southey's Essays, there is probably more seriousness and more thought that has produced important results, than in all the essays put together, of all the writers (with one exception) in the two great reviews. For although Southey had given up the republicanism of his early youth, and had become, indeed, as fervent a Tory as any in the three kingdoms, he had not relinquished his ardent zeal for increasing the happiness and welfare of the great mass of the community. His early aims were still what they had been, although he had changed his view of the means by which they were to be effected. Instead of complaining that England was not as ancient Greece and Rome had been, he now complained that it had ceased to be the merry England of the olden time. And he set to work to show the panegyrists of his age the substantial and blessed good that had informed the old institutions; the feudalisms, and monasticisms, and kingships; the simple and solid modes of life of England's ancestral past. As Coleridge was the father of Puseyism—the speculative resuscitation of the past—so Southey was the father of the present movement, which aims at its practical resuscitation. The new and unexpected phenomenon in the Church, which is known as Christian Socialism, owes its existence to Southey more than to any other man. And, strange to say, the most practical schemes of the century for the improvement of the people, such as emigration, education, the reproductive employment of paupers, the reclamation of waste lands, were first propounded, not in the "Liberal" *Edinburgh*, but in the Tory *Quarterly*, and by Robert Southey. Whether we agree, or whether we differ with him, it is impossible not to admire the spirit which breathes from all his writings on the condition of the people.

Gifford died in December of 1826, and about a year before that event, the editorship of *The Quarterly* passed into the hands of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart. the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the cleverest men in the three kingdom, who, after a tenure of a quarter of a century, still continues to hold it. Mr. Lockhart is, of course, a Scotchman. At Glasgow College, he obtained the "Exhibition," which carries its fortunate possessor to Balliol College, Oxford, and educates him there, on condition that he shall enter the Church. This condition, Mr. Lockhart seems, however, to have somewhat evaded, and, on taking his degree, he became, not an ecclesiastic, but an Edinburgh advocate, equivalent to the "barrister" of London. A man of varied accomplishments, as well as of great general (and satirical) talent, he, like Southey, had taken a fancy to Spanish Literature, and his earliest productions were spirited translations from ancient Spanish ballads, and an edition of Motteux's translation of *Don Quixote*, with a rather excellent life of Cervantes prefixed. When Mr. Lockhart became an Edinburgh advocate, *Blackwood's Magazine* was in the full swing of what was once an audacious and rollocking career, and John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart became sworn friends. Many was the literary prank they played together; Wilson contributing the *very* hot water and sugar, and Lockhart the lemon of the intellectual punch with which they intoxicated the readers of *Blackwood*. In Edinburgh society, Lockhart is still remembered as "the scorpion;" and, a person now of rather secluded life and silent disposition, he is never so happy as when he can gather some Scoth friends about him, and discuss the latest scandal of "Auld Reekie." One of his few books, in those early years, was a work that is still sometimes read—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—a series of personal sketches of Edinburgh society, especially literary society, which subjected him to something of the reproach which may, much less justly, be laid to the charge of Mr. Herodotus Smith. Lockhart's first introduction to Sir Walter Scott happened in the year 1818, and the author of *Waverly* took marked notice of a young man of such talent and orthodox principles, invited him to Abbotsford, and, in 1820 gave him a daughter in marriage. In 1824, Lockhart published his novel of *Reginald Dalton* a novel of great talent. The following year, it was not difficult for the approved and clever son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott to become, on the resignation of Gifford, editor of *The Quarterly Review*. Since then he has produced an account of Napoleon, a Life of Burns, and the very well known Life of Sir Walter Scott. We have been promised Lives of Cervantes and Lord Clive, from his pen; but (alas!) instead of him, Mr. Thos. Roscoe has done the one, and the Rev. G. R. Gleig the other!

A man of Lockhart's talent and connexion might have been expected to make much more of *The Quarterly* than he has done; but it is understood that he has all along been rather hampered by others, and that he has, in truth, been merely a prime minister to two rather arbitrary kings, John I. and John II. Albemarle street. It is what Carlyle would call "a fact significant of much" that it would be difficult to point to a single *political* article in the Review from the pen of Lockhart; almost all of that genus have come from the indefatigable Southey, or the more indefatigable Barrow, or the most indefatigable John Wilson Croker. Indeed, though Mr. Lockhart often writes, and excellent articles too, on miscellaneous topics of general literature, they are seldom very striking, and almost the last which impressed one at once, as by the author of Peter's Letters and Reginald Dalton, was a racy and dashing memoir of poor Theodore Hook, himself a sort of English Lockhart, and therefore without the "canniness" which but seldom fails to carry our Northern friends safe to their journey's end. Theodore himself had been a contributor to *The Quarterly*, and flayed alive there that sentimental German dandy, Prince Puckler Muskau. Nor, while on the subject of satirical articles, must we forget the authoress of the *Letters from the Baltic*, Miss Rigby, a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly*, and who did for German "emancipated women" what Hook did for their "emancipated men." Bettina von Arnin and Rahel Levin are neither of them probably what Miss Rigby took them for—but even Miss Fanny Lewald must have tittered (if such a thing be possible) at Miss Rigby's story of the aged Bettina at the play, leaning her bewigged head on the handsome young officer's shoulder, and sentimentally ejaculating, "Bettina is sleepy."

But the great contributor to *The Quarterly Review* has been, and is, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, formerly secretary to the Admirality, and friend to the late Marquis of Hertford. Since the Reform Bill released the Right honourable gentleman from the burdensome duties of the Admiralty Secretaryship, he has enjoyed a dignified literary leisure, the fruits of which are generally to be seen every three months in the shape of one or two articles in *The Quarterly Review*. It was the right honourable gentleman who in *The Quarterly* conducted the literary campaigns of Conservatism against the Reform Bill and the Anti-Corn-Law League. It was he who scarified Miss Martineau, and lately "cut up" Lord Holland's Memoirs, and he, too, from time to time edifies the public with charming extracts from the records of the First French Revolution. Like the steam-engine and the elephant's proboscis in Jeffrey's famous sentence, the right honorable gentleman can with equal ease pick up a pin or rend an oak.

There is an evident advantage, to a keen Tory politician like the right honourable gentleman, in his extensive knowledge of the First French Revolution. History, as it is well known, is Philosophy teaching by experience, and the horrors of that terrible phenomenon become, in Mr. Croker's hands, an instructive warning against the perils of Liberalism Few men have taken the pains of the right honourable gentlemen to acquaint themselves with the French Revolution. An enormous collection of French revolutionary books, pamphlets, handbills, placards, newspapers, &c., &c., which occupies the whole side of one of the large galleries of the reading-room of the British Museum, was presented to that establishment by the right honourable gentleman, and he informs us that he has since collected another equally large. Of late, too, the Revolution of 1848 has shared his thoughts, and, indeed, almost promises, so far as he is concerned, to put the nose of its tremendous grandfather out of joint. While on this subject, we must mention, before we forget it, that M. Guizot, when in England, after the outbreak of February, contributed to *The Quarterly*, being probably impelled thereto by the want which, like Death, levels all men—the want of cash!

The death, and, long before the death, the failing abilities of Southey left a gap in the historical, ecclesiastical, and social departments of the Review; but his place was ably supplied. Lord Mahon, not long ago, collected two pleasant little volumes of historical essays which he had contributed to *The Quarterly*. Then, in social matters, Lord Ashley himself (now Lord Shaftesbury) is said to have written on Collieries, and Mines, and Factories, his labours in connexion with which are destined, some people say, to conduct him to the Premiership. Ecclesiastical and theological matters have been, till lately at least, in the hands of that striking person the Rev. William Sewell, now an Oxford tutor, the author of *Christian Morals*, once the superintendent of a semi-monastic educational establishment in Ireland, and who recently came before the public with the most sweeping plan of University Reform that has yet been propounded. Instead of bringing the multitude to the Universities, the Universities, according to Mr. Sewell, were to go to the multitude, and in all the large manufacturing and other towns, Oxford and Cambridge graduates were to lecture in public halls, no tests being required—save for the theological courses. Mr. Sewell may be easily detected in *The Quarterly*, by a certain strain and swell of style. The rather famous article in that periodical on Carlyle was from his pen.

Among persons of note who have occasionally contributed to *The Quarterly*, under the editorship of Mr. Lockhart, may be mentioned Apperley, the well known "Nimrod" of the sporting world; Mr. Hayward, the barrister, and translator of *Faust* (whose quarrel with Mr. Roebuck our legal readers will remember); Mr. H. N. Coleridge, the introducer to the Greek Classic Poets; the Bishop of London, and the two Heads, Sir Francis and Sir George. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd deserted *The Edinburgh* to review Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it is currently reported that Lord Brougham himself was guilty of a similar abandonment to criticise the new edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*. Mr. Kinglake, the racy author of *Eothen*, handled his fellow-traveller in the East, Mr. Monckton Milnes, *apropos* of the Hareem, and the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, to whom, as to Lord Ashley, some people prophesy the Premiership, reviewed the ever-shifting career of poor Blanco White, not we suppose, without a certain sympathy. Among the steady contributors at present are the well known Dean Milman, Mr. Holmes of the British Museum, who did so much for Lord Braybrooke's *Pepys*, and has managed to make even the subject of Catalogues amusing; and last, not least, Mr. Richard Ford, the author of the *Handbook of Spain*, to whom, with what truth we know not, has been attributed the series of amusing articles on agricultural matters, which have been one of the best features of the *Quarterly*, and whom Mr. Anthony Panizzi has to thank as a friend in need for a recent article on the Museum Library.—*London Critic.*

GROWTH OF THE NEW AND OLD COUNTRY. NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.

THE rapid growth of New York and other cities of America is a leading topic with all travellers; and we are in the habit of hearing so much of this, that we are apt to forget what is doing nearer us. Our transatlantic cousins, justly proud and delighted with their progress, and above troubling themselves with investigating the cause of it, make each other believe that they stand alone as innately energetic people. Moreover, ninety-nine out of every hundred of our emigrants know little or nothing of their native kingdom beyond the locality in which they have been brought up, and generally nothing more than the outside appearance of that; so that when they cross the Atlantic, everything is as new and wonderful to them as London or Birmingham would be if they had been taken to those cities instead, and they very soon gratify all they talk to by agreeing that what they have not seen does not exist, and "that there is nothing equal to this in the Old Country." To such persons it is of no consequence that fifty physiologists assert that the Anglo Saxon race degenerates in America, and that it cannot be kept up beyond its natural region without constant accessions of new blood. They point to New York as a fact worth a dozen theories. But the growth of this city proves nothing on the general subject; it is a testimony to the energy of its actual inhabitants, but nothing more. As the Atlantic port of an interior country of great extent and vast promise, New York has certainly attracted many native-born Americans to settle within its bounds for the purposes of traffic; but it is from this side of the Atlantic that its main increase has been drawn. Every manufacturing district in Europe, and every large commercial port, has sent its agencies and branch establishments with similar trading objects; so that, during these sixty years New York may be said to have been built up by Europe rather than by the exertions of America herself. The progress in population of Glasgow and New York, says Mr. Johnston, is represented by the following decennial returns:—

GLASGOW.

1800-1	77,000	1830-1	202,426	1845	
1820-1	147,043	1840-1	282,134	1850	367,800

NEW YORK.

1800-1	60,489	1830-1	203,007	1845	371,102 Probably.
1820-1	123,706	1840-1	312,710	1850	400,000

These numbers show that, without any of the advantages of an enormous transit trade, Glasgow has in a remarkable degree kept pace with New York. During the first thirty years of the century, New York barely gained upon it the original difference of 17,000 souls. During the last twenty, its comparative progress has been more rapid. But then, two-fifths of the New York population are foreigners born, and they and their families make up more than half the inhabitants. Both cities, it is true, have been almost equally indebted to immigration, but, except the low Irish, who have been drifted into both cities, and who are an incubus rather than an aid, and far from being an element of progress, Glasgow is peopled wholly by native-born Scotch. This city, therefore, may be regarded as a true testimony to the enterprise and perseverance of the people who inhabit the western Lowlands of Scotland. It is far more wonderful, as the result of half a century of exclusively home exertion, than the rapid rise of New York is, or than that of any other American city in which I have been. The inland city of Birmingham with its suburbs is not less an illustration of native energy. Since the beginning of the century its progress has been as follows:—

1802	73,670	1811	85,775	1821	100,722
1831	146,986	1841	220,000	1851	300,000

It does not equal either Glasgow or New York in size; but its growth, in the centre of an inland district, through the instrumentality of native-born talent working upon native mineral productions, leaves no doubt as to the physiological question of the inherent energy of the home born who inhabit it." The value of immigrants to America may be judged of by the fact that, assuming each to bring with him only £10, this, for the 200,000 who yearly land at New York alone, makes an annual addition of two millions sterling, to the money capital of the country. Then a single year's labour of these 200,000 in agricultural operations upon new land, must add at least £5 a head or another million to the capital of the new States; while the increased consumption of imported articles, by the added population, augments the federal revenue which is—and in spite of our preaching and practice will continue to be—derived from the duties levied upon imports. It is Europe, therefore, that is the mainspring of the wondrous growth of the United States—European capital, European hands, European energy. The revolts, revolutions, and proscriptions of the continent, and the bitter discontents and overflowing population of these our islands, are the life and aggrandizement of the great republic. New emigrants are not mere additions to its stock of labour and capital; they consist of, or at least comprehend, those daring and resolute, if not always prudent spirits, who are driven from disturbed, or who voluntarily leave more peaceful countries. Thus a stream of select men is constantly flowing from Europe, by whose audacious activity the filling up of the vast western continent is hurried forward, its material resources developed, and, by the sacrifice of many foreign lives the first difficulties of settling it overcome. "If all the native born Americans," says Mr. Johnston, "not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans, were to sit down and fold their hands and go to sleep, the progress of the country would scarcely be a whit less rapid, so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained." But disturb by the signals of war the now undreaded navigation of the Atlantic, and this stream of brave hearts is arrested. Thencefor ward, the population, like that of European states, will augment by a natural increase of tamer men only. The superfluous minds of other countries, the greater force of character which is produced by the breaking up of home associations, and by the excitement of a new world, as well as the influence of its example on the minds and character of the native born, will be lost. The great breadth of unsettled land would then, like the forests and plains of Russia and Poland, rather indicate what the country might become, than what, within any assignable cause, it is likely to be.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

WE find in London papers a full report of the proceedings of the Peace Congress at London, from which we extract the following characteristic letter from Thomas Carlyle:

CHELSEA, Friday, July 18, 1851.

I fear I shall not be able to attend any of your meetings; certainly I can but at once avow, if, indeed, such avowal on the part of a sound-minded man be not a superfluous one, that I altogether approve of your object, heartily wish it entire success, and even hold myself bound to do, by all opportunities that are open to me, whatever I can toward forwarding the same. How otherwise? "If it be possible, as much as in you lies, study to live at peace with all men;" this, sure enough, is the perpetual law for every man, both in his inividual and his social capacity; nor in any capacity or character whatsoever is he permitted to neglect this law, but must follow it, and do what he can to see it followed. Clearly, beyond question, whatsoever be our theories about human nature, and its capabilities and outlooks, the *less* war and cutting of throats we have among us, it will be the better for us all. One rejoices much to see that immeasurable tendencies of this time are already pointing toward the result you aim at; that, to all appearance, as men no longer wear swords in the streets, so neither, by and by, will nations: that among other nations, too, the sanguinary *ultima ratio* will, as it has done among individuals, become rarer and rarer; and the tragedy of fighting, if it can never altogether disappear, will reduce itself more and more strictly to a *minimum* in our affairs. Toward this result, as I said, all men are at all times bound to coöperate; and, indeed, consciously or unconsciouly, every well-behaved person in this world may be said to be daily and hourly coöperating towards it—especially in these times of banking, railwaying, printing, and penny-posting; when every man's traffickings and labourings, and whatever industry he honestly and not dishonestly follows, do all very directly tend, whether he knows it or not, towards this good object among others.

I will say farther, what appears very evident to me, that if any body of citizens from one, or especially from various countries, see good to meet together, and articulate, reiterate these or the like considerations, and strive to make them known and familiar,—the world in general, so soon as it can sum up the account, may rather hold itself indebted to them for so doing. They are in the happy case of giving some little furtherance to their cause by such meetings, and (what is somewhat peculiar) of not retarding it thereby on any side at all. If they be accused of doing little good, they can answer confidently the little good they do is quite unalloyed, that they do no evil whatever. The *evil* of their enterprise, if evil there be, is to themselves only; the good of it goes wholly to the world's account without any admixture of evil:—for which unalloyed benefit, however small it be, the world surely ought, as I now do, thank them rather than otherwise

One big battle saved to Europe, will cover the expense of many meetings. How many meetings would one expedition to Russia cover the expense of? Truly I wish you all the speed possible; well convinced you will *not* too much extinguish the wrath that dwells as a natural element in all Adam's posterity;—and I beg to subscribe myself,

Sir, yours, very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A "London correspondent" of the *Jersey Times*, last week informed the astonished readers of that journal, that on the 28th inst. [ult.], the day of the great eclipse of the sun, the entire glass walls and roof of the Crystal Palace were to be *smoked*, "in order to give every facility of witnessing that phenomenon to the multitudes within the building."

——THE FIELD OF MARATHON.—Letters from Athens announce, that workmen employed, four miles from the city, in draining the field of Marathon, found the place of sepulture of the warriors who fell there in the memorable battle 490 years before the birth of Christ.

——ANTIPATHIES.—It is said that Lord Bacon swooned at each eclipse of the moon; Scalager trembled in every limb at the sight of water-cresses; Brahe nearly expired at the sight of a Fox; Uladislaus, of Poland, ran from the sight of apples; Ariosto shuddered at the sight of a bath; Cardan at the breaking of an egg; Cæsar at the crowing of a cock; Erasmus took a fever whenever he smelled fish; Mary of Medicis, and the Cardinal Gardona, from the odour of a rose.

——MRS. JAMIESON.—It is with great pleasure we record that Mrs. Jamieson's name has been added to the pension list—we believe for £100 a year. As one who, by her many careful works in the cause of the beautiful and poetical arts, has done much to adorn female authorship,—this recognition of Mrs. Jamieson is especially welcome as occurring in the reign of a female sovereign.—*Athenæum.*

——INSCRIPTION ON A TABLET IN LIMERICK CATHEDRAL.—"Mementi Mori. Here lieth Little Samuel Barinton, that great Under Taker, of Famious Cittis Clock and Chime Maker; He made his one Time go early and Latter, But now he is returned to God his Creator. The 19 of November Then He Scest, Hnd for His Memory this Here is Pleaet, by His Son Ben 1693." The correctness of this copy, in *every respect*, may be relied upon. R J.R.—*Notes and Queries.*

——DEATH OF DR. M. MOIR.—The death of the well-known "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine* will be universally regretted by the admirers of genius. He expired suddenly at Dumfries on Sunday morning. As "Delta," Dr. Moir contributed to *Blackwood's Magizine* almost from its first starting, and he continued to do so to the end. His "Lament of Selim" appears in this month's number—the last piece the lamented author ever wrote.

——THE *Nation* says that the river Boyne was unhappily associated with Irish discords long before Nassau or Stuart were known to their names. In the early days of the Gospel, a holy saint, named Erc, dwelt in a hermitage by the river, yet extant inside the demesne of Slane. And his daily penance, summer and winter, was to stand from sunrise to sunset reading his office, up to his arm-pits in the river—his daily collation, one goose egg and a half. Now the King Domhnall, having built his forte of Dunnan-Gedh, and giving therein a feast to the mead-drinking men of Meath, sent out his foragers to look for goose eggs. The thieves carried away the saint's store, wherefore he cursed them, and said—"May the peace or welfare of Erin not result from the banquet to which it was brought; but may quarrels, contentions, and commotions be the consequence to her." And this was Saint Erc's grace to the King's banquet, and "it has been fulfilled to this day."

——A late number of the *Cape Town Mail* says, "On Friday, the 'Poet Laureate of the Caps' was brought before the acting Judge Police, charged with being drunk and disturbing the peace. This individual—who is a son of Fletcher, the confidential valet of Lord Byron, and who rejoices in the possession of sundry articles once belonging to his lordship's wardrobe, but more especially in the poetic-mantle, which he conceives has fallen upon his shoulders—had, it appears, been employed by an innkeeper in that neighbonhood to write a string of verses in praise of his house; and the result was so much to the satisfaction of Boniface, that he made the thirsty Muse gloriously drunk. Fletcher, in extsauation, produced his poem, and was about to inflict it at length upon the court, but Mr. Aurst declined to adjudicate on its merits, and ordered the unfortunate poet to pay a fine of £1, or suffer eight days' confinement on rice-water."

——LORD GEORGE GORDON.—The newly-published History of the Jews, in Great Britain," by the Rev. Moses Margoliouth, supplies the following account of the last days of this eccentric nobleman, the leader of the "No popery" mobs of 1780. His lordship, it is well known, became a convert to the faith of Abraham. We are told that in London "Lord George Gordon attended the Hamburg synagogue, where he was called up to the reading of the law, and w[illegible]noured with Me Shebayrach. He presented [illegible] synagogue with £100. He then went to Par[illegible] wrote a book against Marie Antoinette, Queen o[illegible]ce, which proved libellous, and subjected his [illegible]dship to imprisonment at Newgate Whilst in prison, he was very regular in the Jewish observances; every morning he was seen with his phylacteries between his eyes, and opposite to his heart. Every Saturday he had public service in his room by the aid of ten Polish Jews. He looked like a patriarch with his beautiful long beard. His Saturday's bread was baked according to the manner of the Jews, his wine was Jewish, his meat was Jewish, and he was the best Jew in the congregation of Israel. On his prison wall were to be seen, first the ten commandments, in the Hebrew language, then the bag of Talith, or fringed garment, and of the phylacteries. The court required him to bring bail; he brought two poor Polish Israelites as guarantees. The court would not accept them because of their poverty. The rich Jews would do nothing towards assisting the prisoner, for fear of persecution. He died in 1798, of a broken heart, and was interred in the Gordon family vault." The laying him in the family vault was contrary to his wish, as, to the last, he expressed the strongest desire to be buried in the sepulchres of the ancient people.

——A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cambridge Independent*, one who entertains but a slight affection for the doctors, pictures a scene in the Crystal Palace occasioned by the sudden indisposition of a visitor. A doctor is called for, and before the echo has died away doctors come in troops! Medical shadows of Presneitz! Hahnemann! Cullen! Broussais! and Elliotson!! Allopathists, Hydropathists, Homœopathists, Zoists, Empirics! the medical *élite* of the world! A Grand Exhibition of the Medical Science of all Nations! "Dash him into the water," cried one; "a millionth part of a grain of Tormentilla," another; "put the *jet d' eau* in his mouth." Bleed! Leech! Calomel and opium! Sal Volatile! Mesmerise him! Whilst at the outer rim of the crowd stand groups of vociferous believers in Morison's or Parr's Life Pills! "Heavens, gentlemen," thought we, "there's a screw loose here with a vengeance, and behoving the public to look to. The mechanics who mended the flange, and the valve, and the screw, evidently understood their business; and the medical profession, with its hundred creeds and but two specifics, its models and dissections, its balls and colleges, and lectures and degress, do not yet understand theirs."

——LITERARY MEN IN ENGLAND.—The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* has a letter treating of the respect paid to the literary men of England and France by their respective countries, giving the palm, of course, to the nation which drafts its statesmen from the newspaper offices. The writer in the course of his complaint, says, "You might discover thousands of London workmen who do not know that Mr. Macaulay has written a 'History of England,' or that Alfred Tennyson is a great poet; but I defy you to bring forward a single Parisian artizan who is ignorant that M. Thiers wrote a 'History of the Revolution,' or that M. de Lamartine has produced much fine poetry." This, we *think*, will lead to a mistaken inference, as there are thousands in the Faubourgs who know little of Thiers' great work, or M. Lamartine's "Confidences," so there are numbers in Claremarket, and elsewhere, who have never heard of Macaulay's history or Tennyson's "Princess." But in the class called artisans, this ignorance disappears. There is not, in Europe, a more intelligent or well-informed body of men than the workmen of the large factories and workshops of London, and they certainly are as well acquainted with the popular authors of the day (we will not say Macaulay; for the "History of England" cannot yet be purchased for a franc) as are their good friends across the channel. The correspondent also says that, in France, in any public ceremony, it is the literary men who are sought for and pointed out. "I have seen a troop of *gamins* stand bare headed in the street whilst Alexander Dumas has walked past; and have known a crowd of a hundred workmen wait for an hour at the door of the theatre to see Victor Hugo enter." Let Mr. Dickens bring out a piece at the Victoria, and we venture to say his person would attract as much curiosity among the very miscellaneous audience as that of the inexhaustible dramatist "of colour," at the Ports St. Martin, and crowds of workmen would anywhere cluster to pay respect to the author of "St. Giles and St. James."